

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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(Lit. Gaz. Nov.)

### THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

**A**MPLE as was our account of this interesting Expedition in our former number, it may readily be supposed that many little anecdotes and curious particulars, which could not all be remembered at once, will continue to occur to the voyagers, and be communicated to their friends. As such materials come into our possession, we shall feel a pleasure in laying them before our readers ; and accordingly now continue, by way of supplement, the brief history of the Esquimaux, &c. for the beginning of which we have been gratified by so many cheering testimonies of public approbation.

Among the wonders carried out by our ships, the two which excited the greatest astonishment and delight in the breasts of the ignorant Natives, were the loadstone and a scaramouch of six or eight inches in length. The attraction of needles, &c. by the former was an object of never-failing surprise ; and the dancing of the latter, by pulling the string between its feet, was still more a matter of never-ending delight. The Esquimaux loved much to see it made to perform ; but if allowed to cause its evolutions with their own hands, their raptures were extravagant, and they would play the puppet for hours together.

After leaving Hudson's Bay, with the exception of one family seen by the boats, none of these people were met with till the tribe of 50 appeared

in February, tho' traces of their dwellings, many of them recent, had been observed every where about the islands. Yet when they first came into contact with the strangers, they betrayed no fears or suspicions ; but came boldly on board the vessels, one of them even carrying an aged man upon his back to show him the amazing sight. When the trifling presents, on which they set so high a value, were given to them, they leaped and shouted like mad-folks uttering the oddest noises. Of course equal confidence was displayed by our countrymen, who immediately returned the visit to the huts of their new neighbours, about a three miles' walk, and were received with similar demonstrations of joy by men and women. Thus began the intercourse, which lasted till the Expedition left these frozen shores ; not, we must tell, however it may shock rigid morality, without leaving memorials of their voyage in the shapes of some-half dozen little Anglo-esquimaux, whose descendants will perhaps puzzle philosophers five hundred or a thousand years hence. We are not informed whether any sailors' uniforms were bequeathed, to distinguish these Parvenus when they grow up ; but the natives themselves are not without the vanity of dress, and some paternal cares of this kind would have been grateful to the lovely mammas of the semi-tars. We remark that they paid some regard to dress, because, when they were ma-

king their first visit to the ships, the parties appeared in borrowed habiliments from those of the tribe whose wardrobes were finer than their own, and

who, of course, remained in their snow huts while their friends were parading in their gayest suits.



With all their apparent clownishness, if we use that term in preference to stupidity, the Esquimaux are an ingenious race. We have already related several instances of this ; but the chef-d'œuvre of their talents it was not in our power to illustrate till to-day. By far the most remarkable examples of their skill in the *Fine Arts* form the subjects of the two wood Engravings with which

we have *adorned* this paper. These drawings are taken from Native models now in our possession.

They are curiously made of skins, the same as the Esquimaux' own clothing, partly with the hairy side outwards and partly not. The man's dress consists of a coat, having the fur inside, with a hood over his head, and coming close round the chin. In front it fits



the body closely round the waist like a vest, but descends over the hips behind in a tail. The seams are down the sides under the arms, and it appears, as if to get into this garb the wearer must push his head and body up into it. Round the cuffs and all the lower parts of the garment, is a white fur trimming, of the most *Exquisite* fashion. Mittens

cover the hands. The breeches are loose, and descend below the knee, where two rows of *elegant* trimming are also sewed on. The rough side of this part of the dress is outward. Boots fitting the leg complete the male equipment ; and so well is this figure formed that it balances itself, and can nearly stand alone.



The female is still more grotesque. Her upper garment has the fur side out, and from the *Capote*, which comes round the face and leaves only a little of it exposed, descend on each side two long hairy appendages, covering two *love-locks* of her own black hair like queues, only not so stiff. The vest in front of this squab little personage falls into a stomacher point. But the oddest portion of her equipment is the boots, which come up much higher than any fisherman's, and are nearly as much in circumference as her body. The fur is inside, as also in her mittens and *her breeches*. We despair, however,

of conveying a perfect idea of these droll performances, which must be seen to afford a proper notion of Esquimaux art and ingenuity. We have only to add, that their smell is not the most delicate ; but this accidental quality of the ill-dressed skins may not be inappropriate to the general likeness. Our Prints represent the figures very accurately. No features are given.

The magnificent size of the lady's boots will not escape the eye of the slightest judge of portraiture and costume. In fact, these are the most essential parts of the Esquimaux' dress : they are their pockets, their tool-boxes,

their provision cupboards : Hudibras' holster was nothing to them. This will be allowed when we state, that one day a lady of the tribe, enamoured of a wash-hand basin, took the liberty of appropriating it secretly to herself ; but unluckily for her the theft was discovered, and she was turned over for search—*proh pudor !* the basin was found concealed in one of her boots !

But our sailors were compensated for all their losses of this sort by the amusement the natives afforded them. Their dog-sledges were cheerfully lent ; and some of our blue-jackets became at length perfect *fours-in-hand* at driving *eight* of these animals in a team. Otherwise, the time even of the officers, who had other resources, passed uniformly and heavily enough. Their routine, day after day, was—rise at 7, breakfast at 8, muster on deck at 9 ; walk or visit fox-traps, &c. till noon, dine at 1 ; sleep, read, or play at chess, back-gammon, cards, &c. till 5, when tea made a new interruption ; muster again at 6, do what they could to kill the enemy till supper at 8, drinking grog, smoking and chatting till the final hour of turning in. Such were their recreations ; and no wonder the Esquimaux were welcome visitors, though some of the newspapers tell us that a native skull or two, brought to England, display portentously the organ of destructiveness, according to the phrenological school.

In addition to our geographical details, we have to notice that Repulse Bay is pretty correctly laid down by Middleton. On the east side of Southampton Island (according to the old navigators,) the Expedition discovered a large Bay, which being entered on

the commander-in-chief's birth-day, was named the Duke of York's Bay ; but exploring it led to no useful result.

Fahrenheit's thermometer should be understood as that on which the degrees of cold were ascertained : the lowest experienced, as we stated, was 35° below zero in the first, and 45° in the second year. In the most northern of the Hudson Bay Company's stations on the continent, the extreme cold in winter is commonly 50° below zero.

Among the botanical specimens brought home, are considerable quantities of the tripe-de-roche ; on which Captain Franklin and his brave comrades so long sustained existence.

It is a curiosity in natural history, that of the mixed breed between the English lurcher and the Esquimaux dog, there were one half, three, of the pups without tails, though both parents had them. One of these is the strong and fine animal between decks in the Hecla, and which apparently stood not only the climate, but the galley fire, much better than its companions.

On Monday, Admiralty orders were received at Deptford to dismantle the Fury and Hecla, and reland their stores ; from which it might be anticipated that no further attempts of this kind were (for the present at least) intended. The only expectation of the contrary is founded on the non-removal of the heating fixtures.

Before concluding this addendum, we trust we may be permitted publicly to express our warm acknowledgment to the Officers of the Expedition, and also to a valued mercantile friend, by whose assistance we have been enabled to amuse our general friends with the Esquimaux *Icon* in our present Number.

#### SONG.

THE ring you gave, the kiss you gave,  
The curl of raven hair,  
Pledges of truth and gifts of love,  
Where are they now ?—oh where ?  
The ring is broken,—and by whom ?  
The kiss has been profaned ;  
And many, many, bitter tears  
That shining curl has stained !—  
Yes, each and all are wholly changed,—  
More changed they could not be ;  
But the worst change is that which time,  
False one ! has wrought on thee.

Nov. 1, 1823.

L. E. L.



## PARISIAN ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

(Lit. Gaz. Nov.)

Paris, October 24, 1823.

**T**HE *Mémoires Anecdotiques pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution*, par M. Lombard de Langres, have been impatiently expected, and are now eagerly perused. Formerly ambassador in Holland, member of the Court of Cassation under the Directory, &c. &c. M. Lombard de Langres lived among the most remarkable persons who took part in public affairs during the revolution, the consulate, and the empire, and he has drawn their portraits with a master's hand. No romance can be more amusing than these Memoirs, and at the same time the anecdotes which they contain have every mark of authenticity and fact. Without entering on a regular analysis of the work, I shall give you some extracts by which you may judge of its spirit and composition.

## TOILETTE DE MORT.

"The truth is sometimes so improbable, that it loses its credit. The following fact, for instance, is incredible—*Lisez cependant* : One day that the revolutionary tribunal of one section had condemned in less than two hours 28 individuals, the executioner, or, to speak more properly, one of the executioners, after having tied the hands and cut the hair of his victims, counted them over, in order to see that his number was complete. In spite of all his efforts, he could enumerate but 27 ; nor could he better succeed in his attempts to discover the one that was missing. At length he terminated his trouble and perplexity by turning to the prisoners in the Conciergerie, as yet uncondemned, and exclaiming to those present at this *toilette de mort*, '*Messieurs, arrangez-vous comme vous voulez ; mais ce qu'il y a de sur, c'est qu'il m'en faut encore un, et que je ne pars pas sans cela.*'—'*Ma foi,*' (said one of the prisoners looking on,) '*as well to-day as to-morrow ; amenez-moi, si vous voulez.*' The executioner, determined to complete his number, took the volunteer at his word, and cut off first his hair and afterwards his head. This wretch was

never questioned nor troubled for the wanton murder of a man, innocent, because he had not been tried."

## FENELON.

"*Est-il sublime*, that Fenelon, who, adding lustre to a name already illustrious, when mounting the carriage that conveyed him to the scaffold, said to his aged servant, who bathed him with his tears, 'Go, my friend, and console thyself, it is not so difficult to die as I thought.'

## MOREVAL.

"*Est-il sublime*, that Isabeau de Moreval, who, being placed at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, in the great hall where he had long sat as a member of the parliament, replied to the anthropophage Fouquier, who demanded of him if he recognized the place ; 'Yes, I know the place : it was here that formerly innocence punished crime ; it is here that crime now murders innocence.'

## DALLERAY.

"*Est-il sublime encore*, that Angrand Dalleray, that old magistrate, who, dragged into the same hall for having sent money to his emigrant children, replied to the emissary of his executioners, who, moved by his venerable appearance, suggested to him the denial of the fact, '*Remerciez ces Messieurs ; ce qui me reste de vie ne vaut pas la peine d'être racheté par un mensonge.*'

## BAILLY.

"*Est-il sublime enfin*, that Bailly, whose martyrdom was prolonged by their transporting from place to place, before his eyes, the guillotine that was to sever his head from his body ; whose hands were untied that he might labour at the erection of the scaffold that was to be covered with his blood ; who, stripped of his clothes, and exposed to torrents of rain, and receiving on his face the spittle of the executioner, who cried to him, 'You are afraid, Bailly, you tremble ;' mildly replied, '*Non, mon ami, j'ai froid.*' --- *Que toutes ces paroles sont belles ! quelle fatalité, qu'il faille des grand crimes pour faire éclore de grandes vertus !*

## JOSEPH II.

"It is well known that Joseph II. disliked parade and ostentation, and indulged his taste for simple and private habits. One day, when riding out in a small *calèche*, which he drove himself, and attended only by one servant, he was overtaken by heavy rain, and returned towards Vienna. He was yet at some distance, when a person on foot, who was also going in that direction, hearing the noise, turned and made a sign to the driver to stop. Joseph II. stopped his horse. 'Sir,' said the soldier (for the traveller was a sergeant,) 'if it be not taking too great a liberty, I should be glad of a lift; you have room enough, and I should save my uniform, which I put on new this morning.'—'Let us save the uniform, my brave fellow, (said Joseph,) place yourself here. Where do you come from just now?'—'Ah! ah! where do I come from? I come from the house of a game-keeper, one of my friends, who has given me a famous breakfast.'—'What had you, then?' 'Guess.'—'Nay how can I guess? beer soup?'—'Well done! yes, a soup, *mieux que ça*.'—'Some *choucroute*?'—'*Mieux que ça*.'—'A breast of veal?'—'*Mieux que ça*.'—'*Mieux que ça!* then I can guess no longer,' said the facetious sovereign. 'Why then, a pheasant, my worthy,—a pheasant killed on the preserve of his Majesty,' exclaimed the sergeant, slapping at the same time Joseph II. on the shoulder.—'Ah! killed on the Emperor's preserve? it must have been all the better for that.'—'*Je vous en reponds*.' As they approached the city, and the rain continued to fall, Joseph asked his companion where he wished to be set down. The sergeant made his excuses. 'No, no, (said Joseph,) your street?' And at length the sergeant informed his Majesty where he lodged, and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so many civilities. 'It is your turn now, (said Joseph,)—guess.' 'Monsieur est militaire, sans doute?'—'Comme dit, Monsieur.'—'Lieutenant?'—'Ah! *mieux que ça*.'—'Capitaine?'—'*Mieux que ça*.'—'Colonel, peut-être?'—'*Mieux que ça*.'—'Comment diable,' (said the poor sergeant, shrinking into the corner of

the *calèche*,) *seriez-vous Field-Marchal?*—'*Mieux que ça*.'—'Ah! mon Dieu, c'est l'Empereur!'—'Himself,' said Joseph II., unbuttoning his plain coat, and showing his decorations. The poor fellow, in an agony, entreated the Emperor to let him alight. 'Non pas, non pas, (said Joseph,) après avoir mangé mon faisand, vous seriez trop heureux de vous débarasser de moi aussi promptement; j'entends bien que vous ne me quittiez qu'à votre porte.' . . . Et il l'y descendit."

## THE LATE POPE.

"Pope Pius VII., when at Paris, visited one day the *galerie* of the Louvre. The crowd threw themselves at his feet to receive his benediction; but two young men remained erect, and affected to giggle and sneer as the Pontiff approached them. 'Gentlemen, (said Pius VII.) the blessing of an old man is not to be despised.'

## LOUIS XVI.

The following anecdote of Louis XVI. is in Barbier's Dictionary of Publications.

"The third literary undertaking of Louis XVI. was a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." After having completed five volumes, the Dauphin (which he then was) not wishing to be known, enjoined M. le Clerc de Sept-Chênes, his private reader, to get them printed in his own name. M. le Clerc de Sept-Chênes having requested M. le Garde-des-sceaux to appoint a censor to the work, it was sent to the Abbé Aubert, who returned it with marked and distinguished approval. About two years afterwards, M. le Comte de Vergennes, the minister for foreign affairs, inquired for the censor of the work. The Abbé Aubert accordingly waited on the minister, who, presenting him with a copy bound in red morocco and gilt on the edges, said, "I am desired by the translator to give you this copy, and to thank you for the trouble which you took in examining his translation, and for the approbation which you bestowed upon it." On the censor's observing that M. le Clerc de Sept-Chênes might have dispensed with so magnificent a binding, M. de Vergennes added, "It is the Dauphin who is the translator, and who commissioned me to make you this present."



## THE LUCRECE OF FRANCE.

**I**T was a grand and stately building, that castle of Argentueil, where once resided the gentle lady of Carogne; where she lived long in her beauty and her youth, a faithful wife to her brave lord; and was loved, and looked up to by her menials, and many attendants, both male and female. The knight of Carogne had been for a while absent upon an enterprize beyond sea for the advancement of his honour. Alas! it seemed not, in one plain sense, to have been for the advancement of the brave knight's honour, that he had departed from his castle in the marches of Perche, and from his fair and sorrowful lady. The time of his return drew nigh, and the lady Aline had been apprised thereof. There was a tall narrow tower, which stood out from the front wall of the castle, and rose far above the loftiest roofs of the ancient pile. On the summit of that tower the noble lady was used to stand for hours, watching for her lord's approach, and looking with anxious eyes far, far over the distant country. Ah, what a beauteous vision did she seem, when standing alone there in calm and earnest dignity, motionless for many minutes: when her eyes were wearied with gazing vainly for the dearest object of her earthly love, and when the abstraction of her mind had drawn away her thoughts from all external objects. Almost like a statue of pure marble did she appear, when the wild breeze had for a short space died away, and lifted not her long hair, and ceased to flutter in the folds of her white garments. But if aught like the figure of him whom she sought appeared, and gathered in its approach a nearer resemblance to his loved person, how quickly the trance of her stillness was broken, how every feature, and every limb, woke into expression, while eagerness and joy that was half indulged darted like a sun-beam into her eyes, and the crimson blood rushed over her pale cheeks, and glowed in her parted lips! Then most carelessly her soft white arms were flung over the rough para-

pet, and her tender bosom pressed against the cold stones with heavings of tumultuous delight. Now, the knight of Carogne looked in vain, as he rode along, for the well-known form of his loving wife. Anxiously he strained his sight, but she stood not as usual on the high tower. Aline had received the messenger that told of his approach, and she afterwards left not the hall till her husband arrived. With slow and trembling steps she traversed the upper end thereof, and sometimes she stopped and leaned against the wall in the thoughtfulness of sorrow. There was no colour upon her wan cheek, save the flitting tints which were thrown from the stained glass of the casements toward the west, and her eyes were seldom raised from the veiling of their heavy lids. The shouts of her rejoicing domestics told her that the knight was at hand, and the lady Aline hastened to meet him. The joyous knight sought to clasp her in his embrace, but silently she glided from his arms, and when he raised her tenderly from the ground, the life seemed to have parted from her feeble frame. He bore her out into the open air, and gradually she revived. "Thou art not well, my own dear love," said the knight, and tenderly he pressed her to his bosom. Still the poor lady resisted with quiet meekness the eagerness of her lord's affection. "I *do* suffer in the sickness of my heart," she replied, "I am not altogether well, my dearest husband.—Forgive my weakness and believe how joyed I am to see thee.—Yes," she repeated mournfully, "overjoyed, although I weep." "I will kiss away those tears, my best beloved," replied the knight, as he beheld the tears trickling over his lady's face; but Aline withdrew herself gently from his arms, and said, "Not yet, my husband, not yet.—I have a vow upon me.—Ask nothing now.—Thou wert ever kind and tenderly indulgent to thy wife.—Bear with her seeming coldness now.—Enter again the hall of your castle, refresh yourself, and let me lean upon your arm as I go in with you." There

were guests at the castle that day, who had come to meet with the knight of Carogne, and the lady Aline strove to call up somewhat of her wonted dignity as she sat beside her husband at the banquet. Yet looked she rather like one in a dreary dream, as she smiled so piteously at the lively discourse held by her husband and his friends, and took the cup which all had courteously kissed to her health ere they drank from it.

The sleeping chamber of the knight and his gentle dame adjoined to a little oratory, where the young and faithful pair were ever wont to kneel beside each other, before they lay down to rest; to kneel beside each other, and to pray in a mild and thankful spirit to their God. When the knight went up that evening to his bed-chamber, he found not his wife there. She was kneeling in her prayer-closet, and he knelt down beside her, and having prayed in silence, he arose. He stood there awhile ere he turned towards his chamber, and gazed upon his wife; but still were her pale hands uplifted, and her lips gently moving in her prayers. The knight lay down, but often did he raise up his head to look for the coming of his wife. She came not, till his voice had oft-times tenderly besought her, and then Aline slowly entered with the lamp in her trembling hand, and placing it on a settle, she knelt down by her husband's side. The knight started as the first sound of his lady's voice broke upon his ear, there was so deep a sorrow in its tone, "Let me kneel here," she said, "I am not wont to kneel but to our blessed Lord, and now I only kneel before *Him*—beseeching Him to witness to the truth of every word I speak. My husband, do not seek to raise me, take little notice of me with your eyes, let your ears only regard me. Nay, do not touch me yet," she added, as he held forth his arms towards her. "Oh! my beloved, I cannot have the strength to speak if you do. I have need of more than woman's strength of soul, and so you will soon confess. It was but five days since the present time, when I was sitting in my green-wood bower; it was at the quiet even-tide,

and I had dismissed my maidens from attending me, that I might indulge in many thoughts; blissful they were, for I thought upon my dear husband, and melancholy withal, because thou wert absent. Thou knowest there is a low wall enclosing the small green-sward court to which my apartments open: although this wall is low on the side next the court, yet it rises high above the moat surrounding the castle, so that I have sat in my bower and walked on that terrace-walk fearless at all hours. The sun was sinking slowly in the sky, and the shadows deepened where they fell; but I heeded nothing, till it seemed to me as if a man's figure rose above the wall; I did not stir, but fixed my eyes earnestly upon the intruder. Once he gazed fearfully about him, and then passed quickly to the place where I sat. 'I am in danger, I am pursued,' he cried, with a fearful and smothered voice; 'I must speak to thee alone.' 'I am alone,' was my reply. 'I would risk no chance of being discovered here,' he said; 'noble kinswoman, my life is in danger, wilt thou save me? I know the knight of Carogne is absent, but wilt thou refuse me?' All this time as he besought me, the squire, Jaques le Grys (for it was he) almost groveled at my feet, and strove to seize my hands as if imploring for his life. I knew not what to do, as, confused with the surprise of his appearance, I stood regarding him. Methought that once his eyes shrank beneath my steady gaze, but instantly he spake with greater energy. 'What wouldst thou have me to do? Where could I shelter thee?' I said at length to him, scarce knowing what I did say. He caught me by the wrist, and looking me full in the face, muttered with a voice which seemeth yet in my ear, 'The dungeon;'—he led the way, and trode with stealthy pace, stopping to listen at every step he made—no ear heard us, no eye beheld us." The lady faltered as she spoke, she clung for support to the bed, and bit her nether lip which quivered with the agony of her feelings; then turning away her face farther from the gaze of the knight, she spoke as if every breathing of her voice were torn forcibly from her bo-



som. At last she declared to him her misery, and at last the husband comprehended her sad words. "There is a tale which thou hast read to me," she said, "the story of a young and gentle lady's woes. A matron she was, and famous in Old Rome. She was like me, a faithful wife, faithful and happy, but not always—you did not chide me when I wept at her sad story." Again the lady paused; and her husband speaking not during her silence, she said, "Thou art waiting for the name of that Roman lady, whose woes resembled mine; knowing her name, you will know my shame too well—Lucrece, the wife of one lord Colatinus."

The lady of Carogne said no more, but bowed her face upon her bosom, and one blush of deepest scarlet spread over that face and bosom. Neither did the knight reply to her woful words, but he lay breathless it seemed in the stillness of his wrath; the which when his lady perceived, fearing that a fit or swoon might be upon him, she rose up from her knees with a trembling haste, and bending over the bed gazed upon his face. His eyes were wide open, but he stared upon her like one under the forceful spell of some horrid dream. The sweat-beads started from his brow, and the poor lady wiped them away, her tears falling all the while. She could not, as she passed her hand over his broad forehead, she could not bear to turn from him; and so she stood beside him, with her fingers parting away his thick hair, and sometimes pressing her soft, cold palm upon his burning temples. Soon his chest began to heave violently, and deep long sighs burst from him, and the large tears gushed into his eyes. He rose up, and clasped his poor dishonoured lady to his bosom, who lay there and yielded to the weakness of her womanly anguish. But the force of her grief relieved her, and she arose, and listened to the questions of her husband, replying to them with a calmness that surprised herself. It was break of day ere their conference had finished; and then the poor lady who had resolutely but quietly refused to lie down by her

husband's side, lay at his feet and slept; yea, slept like an innocent babe on the bosom of its mother. The knight feared to disturb her tranquil slumber; he could not sleep, but never did he hang with more admiring fondness over her lovely countenance, than when he now gazed upon it, and felt himself a heart-broken and dishonoured husband. It was noon ere the lady of Carogne awoke, and though thoughts of agony darted across her mind with the waking of her memory, she struggled in her prayers for the mastery over her wretchedness, and the grace of God prevailed. Her shame was known to her husband, and now she shrank not from the notice of the whole world. Pity and censure were become indifferent to her. To clear his honour she resolved to expose herself to indignity and public disgrace. Secret her wrongs had been, but they had torn her from the husband of her youth; and as she could not in common justice conceal her dishonour from him, she felt it her duty to publish abroad the story of her indignity, and the name of the wretch who had dishonoured her. "Summon together," she said to the knight of Carogne, "summon with all haste, my friends and kinsmen, and bear me along with them to the earl of Alençon, your liege lord. Tell to him what I have suffered, and let him call me, if he will, to his presence. Let him confront me with the wretch whom I would gladly never behold again. Then you shall hear that wicked squire humbly confess his guilt, and then shall he entreat the pardon which he deserves not to receive, but which I know that thou wilt grant. The bill of our divorce shall so be given; and another lady of Carogne of spotless chastity and faithful as I have been, shalt thou bring back to this castle. I will henceforth seek no spouse but thy memory, and my hope of heaven; and I will pray for thee till I may meet with thee again in heaven, where there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." The knight of Carogne and the squire Jaques le Grys, were both of the land and household of the earl of Alençon, and the squire was in

constant attendance on the earl his lord, and well beloved by him. The knight knew how great an influence the squire had obtained over his lord, and he determined to lose no time in following that part of his lady's counsel which he approved; he therefore set off to the castle of the earl, but he left the lady Aline in the protection of her own kinsmen, whom he had called together at her desire. Accompanied by a few of his own nearest friends, the knight obtained an audience of his lord; but he seemed to speak in vain, when he recited the tale of his wife's dishonour to the earl; so perfect was his affection and confidence in the squire Jaques, that the earl would give no credence to what he heard. He commanded that the lady should herself appear in person to accuse, if she would dare to do so, his beloved squire. As I have before related, the young and tender lady of Carogne, since the night when she revealed her shame, had shaken off all feeble timidity, and possessed herself through the power of God with a wondrous composure, and dignity of mien and manner. The dishonour which had been done to her body, and the weakness of the mere woman, had been forgotten amid the deep and more solemn feelings which now occupied her soul. She came into the presence of the earl of Alençon, led, but not supported, by her own aged father, and she sat down with the quiet dignity of one who appeared there rather to command than to be questioned and judged. As soon as she had raised her veil from off her fair sad face, the meekness and purity of expression which adorned her loveliness of feature, and the graceful delicacy which dwelt in all her gentle movements, touched the heart of every person who beheld her, so that many wondered within themselves, and believed not that such a pure and delicate lady was in fact a defiled, though an unwilling adulteress. When she was called upon by the earl of Alençon to speak, the lady stood up, and a faint flush came over her face, but passed instantly away. "It is not my own dishonour," she said with a slow clear voice, "which hath brought me hither. I

forgive him for myself, as I hope to be forgiven by my God; but I have a husband whose honour hath worn no stain till now, and for whose sake I come forth from the privacy in which I would fain hide myself, and my shame for ever: I come into the presence of men, and under the eye of God, to proclaim myself a pollution to my husband's bed, a disgrace to his house and name, and all through the brutal violence of the squire Jaques le Grys. I accuse him by name as the ravisher of my weak and unwilling person. Here do I stand in the presence of the lord of Alençon and this noble company, to declare the time and manner of the aforesaid shameful deed, and to recount, should it be required, every particular of his most atrocious conduct. Let Jaques le Grys, be called to answer for himself, for I do not see him here," she continued, after she had gazed inquiringly around her. "Bid Jaques le Grys to come hither," said the earl of Alençon to one of his attendants. Most unlike a guilty person appeared Jaques le Grys as he entered the hall, bearing himself with cheerful carelessness towards all but the lord of Alençon, and the lady of Carogne: to them he bowed with every expression of courteous respect; and then stood modestly but manfully before the earl, as if waiting for his commands. No one spoke for some seconds, and when the knight of Carogne was about to break the reigning silence, the squire interrupted him, to ask one who stood next him, for what purpose so many were assembled together, remarking, with a smiling look, that he had but an hour since returned from off a journey, and that no such convocation had been mentioned before his departure. "Thou canst inform me perchance," he said to the knight of Carogne; "I think thou wert about to speak, and I must entreat thy pardon for my preventing thee. Now I do bethink me, thou hast been across the seas, good knight of Carogne, permit me most heartily to welcome thy return. Ah, it may be to celebrate thy coming, that our noble lord hath called together all this goodly company. It shames me to appear so late to bid thee welcome—Fair lady of



Carogne, I must turn to thee,"—"Silence, silence, I command, loose caitiff," shouted the furious knight as he strided to the centre of the hall, his face burning and his eyes flashing with rage. "My lord of Alençon, I demand your interference to stop at once this gentle squire's parleying. I will tell the young gentleman why we have assembled here.—I will tell him of my wife's dishonour and her husband's vengeance;—yes, tell him of the time which he hath so conveniently forgotten." Silence was again commanded, and by the earl of Alençon himself, who gravely rebuked the intemperate warmth of the knight; and then called upon the lady of Carogne to bring forward her accusation against the squire Jaques le Grys.

At the first appearance of her ravisher, the poor lady had felt as if the sickly chills of death were creeping through her frame; an oppressive languor seemed to bear down beneath it every faculty of her mind. All motionless and silent she sate, and she had not a wish to attempt the concealment of her feelings, for their flow seemed frozen within her; but when the shameless squire turned to her, and addressed her by her name, every power and hope of farther exertion seemed to desert her, and she felt almost as if she were in fact the guilty one, sinking under the weight of the conviction which had overtaken her. Her husband's violence aroused her; and as her self-possession returned, she smiled within herself at her own weakness. With a look of fearless composure she raised her eyes, and pushed back her hair from her brow, and the true eloquence of truth and virtue spake in her words. But the squire was not to be confounded; by turns he affected to be surprised, indignant, nay amused by the strangeness of the accusation brought against him. With apparent attention he then listened to the details which the lady was obliged to give: he listened but a short time, for at last he seemed unable to restrain himself. "This must proceed no farther," he said solemnly. "My lord," he added, "I beseech you to interfere. I should treat this charge with the con-

tempt which it deserves, were my own character alone concerned; but the relation in which I stand to yourself, the office which I hold near your person, call upon me to come forward and to challenge the strictest inquiry, as to this most valorous adventure which is charged upon me. My lord of Alençon, there is a question I must beg to ask of thee. Canst thou recal the day on which thy noble cousin and his bride were entertained in state within this castle?" The earl of Alençon thought within himself, and named the fourth of April. "And on that day," replied the squire, "I was at the castle of Argentueil? So we are told. Let me ask again—Who was in attendance on thy person on the fourth of April?" The earl answered without hesitation. "Thou wert, Jaket, most certainly; and now that I remember me, thou wert at my side during the whole of that day, saving for the space, I should think, of three hours. Was not this the case? About three hours?" "It was, my lord," replied the squire Jaket. "Account then, for the way in which those three hours were employed, and we must be satisfied." The squire coloured deeply as he bowed, and then entreated to be excused replying to that question; but he begged to remark, that the distance of the earl's castle from that of Argentueil was above three and twenty miles. He begged to know if his entrance to the castle of the knight had been perceived by any persons; if by any of the servants, who must, he thought, have seen him during some part of his sojourn at Argentueil. He had been seen by no one but the lady herself; and there were no witnesses to confirm her assertion. The lady of Carogne now calmly reminded the earl of the question he had put to the squire. In what manner those three hours had been employed? Deeper still was the colour that mounted over the countenance of Jaques le Grys. He drew near to the earl his master, and murmured a few words in an under tone. The earl paused awhile, and then said, "Yes, it will be the surer way of discovering the truth. One intrigue may perchance confound the

other." He commanded three of the noblest gentlemen present to go to the lodging of Berina Lunaro, and to conduct her immediately to his presence. They returned within ten minutes, accompanied by the wanton Italian, and she confessed with an assumed reluctance, that three hours, on the fourth day of April, had been passed by the squire Jaques le Grys in her society. Would it have been supposed, that with little farther investigation, with no other evidence than that given by Berina Lunaro, an Italian courtesan, the earl of Alençon declared his squire innocent of the crime whereof he was accused? He said to the lady, that she did but dream it; wherefore that he would maintain his squire.

The lady of Carogne had not spoken while the Italian remained in the hall. She waited till the earl had delivered all his judgment, and then she rose with the same self-possession which had before distinguished her, and turning to the company, spake to this intent: "It was for justice that I came hither, and now I will depart, for I may seek justice here no longer. My lord of Alençon, listen to these my words, for I would speak thus plainly even in thy presence; I have not been justly dealt with, and this your spirit will tell you, if you ask it faithfully. Before I leave you I would call these facts to your remembrance. I have dwelt within your notice since my early youth. My father's name hath ever been revered, and while I lived with him and my own mother, I was unblamed by you, and by my parents' many friends. My honoured father hath come hither leading his child with his own hand. Would he have done thus if I were the loose shameless wretch you take me for? With my husband I have lived happy, and in sweetest confidence of heart; I never have deceived him, and I would not be less honest than heretofore, when I last met him, a dishonoured wife. You know, from what you have heard, as to the secrecy of your false squire's plans, that had I pleased to seem so, I might now have seemed an undefiled wife; he would have kept his secret perchance so closely as he keeps it

now. But here I stand, and openly proclaim my shame. Here I renounce my husband and my home; and here I solemnly repeat, that Jaques le Grys, your squire, was indeed the brutal ravisher of this vile body. The time may come when you will give full credence to my words. Methinks it was almost too hard on me, fallen as I am, to call into my presence that bold Italian wanton, and then to hear her as a more faithful witness than myself. This was poor justice, it was unkind, unpitying, to believe that common courtesan before the wife, the honest and devoted wife, of this brave knight your servant."

When the lady had thus spoken, she turned away, and waited not for a reply. Warned she might be by the look of unconcern which still remained upon the earl of Alençon's face. But as she went, she stopped some few times and clung to her old father's arm more closely, and once she bowed her face upon his shoulder, and an hysterical sob was heard; her veil concealed her countenance, and afterwards she betrayed no sign of agitation; but with a firm step, and with much dignity she left, in company with her husband and kinsman, the castle of the earl of Alençon.

The knight of Carogne was not to be silenced, although thus dismissed by the earl his master. He well trusted and believed his wife, and so he went to Paris and showed the matter unto the parliament there; and he there appealed Jaques le Grys, who did appear, and answered to his appeal.

It was said that the earl of Alençon was sore displeased at the determined conduct of the brave knight, and oftentimes would he have had him slain, but that the matter was in the parliament. But the knight of Carogne was of great courage, and he persisted that he would maintain his quarrel to the death; and because the lady could make no proof against the Jaques le Grys but by her own words, judgment was given by the parliament, that mortal battle should be done at Paris, between the knight and the squire; it was judged that if the knight of Carogne should be overcome in that battle, and



yet survive, that he should be hanged; and the lady his wife was judged, in such a case, without remedy, to be burnt. It was in a place called St. Katherine, behind the Temple, in Paris, that the lists were made. And thither the king repaired with his uncles, and the Duke of Burgundy, and his great lords, and much people, so much that it was a marvellous sight to behold them. Then the two champions came into the field, armed at all points. The earl of St. Poule governed John of Carogne, and the earl of Alençon's company was with Jaques le Grys. There was a perfect silence commanded, and the knight walked up to that part of the field where his lady was sitting in a chair covered with black. He spake to her thus in a loud voice: "Dame, by your information, and in your quarrel, I do put my life in adventure as to fight with Jaques le Grys—you know if the cause be just and true." The poor lady's face was deadly wan, and her frame which had been wasted by continual grief at her heart, trembled all over from the agony of those movements. But she rose up immediately that her husband had ceased to speak, and a new and powerful spirit seemed to support her as she called out, "Sir, it is as I have said,—wherefore you may fight surely—the cause is good and true." So distinct were the tones of her clear voice, that her words were heard all over the field; and when she had spoken them, the fearfulness of her mind had passed from her. She knelt down, and seemed then like another creature, and she lifted up her clasped hands towards the high heavens, and, all regardless of the crowd around her, she prayed aloud for her husband's life, and for victory to his good cause. The knight also knelt, and by her side, seeming to join in her prayers; and when he rose, he kissed her forehead, and took her by the hand, and lifted her up, and blessed her, and himself, and so entered the field.

The high and fearless spirit of the lady left her not again, but as the fight raged beneath her she sat still in her black chair, looking up into heaven, and humbly praying all the time. It

was a dreadful trial to her when she heard the trampling of their horses, and the forceful thrusting of the spears against their armour, and the loud mad clashing of their swords. Once came a minute's pause. The lady looked not down, though the deep groaning of many who surrounded her went to her heart. She saw not that her husband was wounded, and again the champions rushed fiercely to the fight. The frequent blazing of their weapons in the sunshine darted oftentimes like lightning flashes before her eyes, and dazzled them into tears. Then the combat raged immediately below where she sat, and she seemed to feel the ground shaken beneath her feet, or she shrank away from the rapid blows, and thought they parted the very air that blew over her face. Yet with all this dreadful sense of the passing combat, the powers of her mind clung and trusted to one exalted hope, and that hope did not fail her.

There was another, but not a silent pause, a general stirring sounded throughout the crowd, and voices burst forth on all sides, some in shoutings of joy. Aline knew that her husband's fate was decided, either by victory, or the certainty of death. All her womanly feelings rushed back upon her heart; she did not dare to look down, but slowly she closed her eyes, and then sank back, overpowered by a swoon.

Although the attention of most persons was now drawn entirely to the situation of the combatants, some there were who turned to the poor lady; and by their assistance she woke up from the swoon which had fallen upon her. Her husband's form first met her sight, but not gashed with wounds, not stretched breathless and ghastly on the earth. He was standing erect before his king, and she saw that the king smiled upon him—Jaques le Grys was slain, and his corpse was yet lying where he fell. He had confessed his guilt.

Another trial yet awaited Aline of Carogne, and from it the heroic lady did not shrink. With her husband she had left the field of the combat for the church of our Ladye in Paris, and

there they had on their knees humbly and heartily offered up their thanks and praises to the throne of grace. They had now risen; and Aline leaned upon her husband's bosom, and wept freely. She had not ceased weeping when he led her to a small door, which opened from one of the side aisles near the high altar, to the cloisters of the adjoining convent. Oftentimes did the knight clasp more tenderly in his arms his young and weeping lady; and oftentimes did he kiss with his trembling lips her forehead, and her lips, and her pale cheek, and the one little thin hand which lay upon his shoulder. At length she lifted up her head, and a smile played about

her lips, though it scarcely rose into her large melancholy eyes. Once more she sank upon his bosom, and their lips met in one last kiss. Then he suffered her to raise her head from his breast, and to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and his eyes alone followed with their earnest gaze the form which departed from his sight—*for ever*. The knight of Carogne sailed as a pilgrim to the holy city of Jerusalem; and returning two years afterwards to Paris, they showed him there the tomb of his faithful wife. In a few months from that time they laid his corpse beneath the same tomb, in the church of our Ladye in Paris.

CYRIL.

(Lit. Gaz.)

## FORGET ME NOT :

## A CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT FOR 1824.

[Last year Mr. Ackerman produced the first of these pretty and cleverly got up little books, in this country, which have long been so popular in Germany. The design was judicious, and great success attended it; but for those who may not have seen the last, we beg to say that by the present it is worthily succeeded. The introductory lines on the title "Forget me not," by Bernard Barton, are so simply sweet and appropriate that we take leave to quote them:—]

## THE HEART'S MOTTO—'FORGET ME NOT.'

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Appealing language! unto me  
How much thy words impart!  
They seem as if designed to be  
The Motto of the Heart;  
Whose fondest feelings, still the same,  
Whate'er its earthly lot,  
Prefer alike this touching claim,  
And say—'Forget me not!'

The soldier, who for glory dies,  
However bright may seem  
The fame he wins in others' eyes,  
Would own that fame a dream,  
Did he not hope its better part  
Would keep him unforgotten.  
The chosen motto of his heart  
Is still—'Forget me not!'

The sailor, tost on stormy seas,  
Though far his bark may roam,  
Still hears a voice in every breeze  
That wakens thoughts of home.  
He thinks upon his distant friends,  
His wife, his humble cot;  
And from his inmost heart ascends  
The prayer—'Forget me not!'

The sculptor, painter, while they trace  
On canvas, or in stone,  
Another's figure, form, or face,  
Our motto's spirit own;

Each thus would like to leave behind  
His semblance—and for what?  
But that the thought which fills his mind  
Is this—'Forget me not!'

The poet too, who, borne along  
In thought to distant time,  
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,  
Holds fast this hope sublime!  
He would a glorious name bequeath,  
Oblivion shall not blot,  
And round that name his thoughts enwreath  
The words—'Forget me not!'

Our motto is, in truth, the voice  
Of nature in the heart;  
For who from mortal life, by choice,  
Forgotten would depart?  
Nor is the wish by grace abhorred,  
Or counted as a spot;  
Even the language of our Lord  
Is still—'Forget me not!'

Within the heart his Spirit speaks  
The words of truth divine,  
And by its heavenly teaching seeks  
To make that heart his shrine.  
This is 'the still small voice' which all,  
In city or in grot,  
May hear and live—its gentle call  
Is—'Man, forget me not!'



## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Not many wise, not many learned, not many noble.

**W**E have now all sorts of clubs and societies, composed of all sorts of odd fellows, who meet upon all sorts of occasions, and transact all sorts of business: but I shall, without farther preface, introduce to your notice an assemblage of old Blue Bottles belonging to Greenwich College, under the title of the '*Quidam Association*,' who meet at the "Jolly Sailor" for the purpose of recounting past adventures, and fighting their battles o'er again. It would do your heart good to hear them, and afford a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, could he but take a sly glance when the enthusiastic crisis is on, in the description of an engagement. I join them sometimes,—and I remember once Jack Rattlin had gone through the battle of the Nile, till the moment they were called from their quarters to board their opponent; he did it so naturally and bellowed so loudly, applying his hand to his mouth by way of speaking trumpet, "Boarders on the starboard bow!" that the whole company rose spontaneously, and with visages 'like the grim ferryman that poets write of,' seized crutches, sticks, wooden legs, &c. &c. and presented so formidable an appearance, that I began to get alarmed, but was soon relieved from apprehension by three hearty cheers,—the enemy had struck! This was a signal for the landlord to replenish,—but avast, you shall have all their pictures, from the president (for they've got a president as well as the United States) down to the last old Pigtail admitted.

And first for the President. Jem Breeching was gunner's mate of the *Ajax* when she caught fire and blew up in the Dardanelles. The powder had got hold of his face, and never was there a better barometer in the world. You have only to look upon Jem's frontispiece, to know which way the wind blows and what sort of weather is expected:—in easterly breezes 'tis as blue as a dying dolphin; to the southward, a cerulean hue; westerly, a greyish pink; but at north, aye at

north, 'tis a beautiful mixture of every tint in the rainbow. A pair of small squinting ferret eyes, and a nose like the gnomon of a dial; but there's a sort of Listonish look with him, a *Jenny-say-Quawish* curl of the lip, that tells you at once he's fond of fun. Jem has one standing jest—his wooden pin.

Next on the list is old Sam Quke-toes: he was purser's steward of Bedford when the enterprising Captain Franklin was a lieutenant in the same ship, and talks much about the plays they performed on board. Indeed he says the whole ship's company were very fond of *drammers*. Sam piques himself on his larning, and has Shakespeare "conn'd by rote, to cast into our teeth; and in his brain, which is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd with observations, the which he vents in mangled form, with overwhelming brow *gulling of simples*." Sam has a huge red proboscis dangling from a face of scarlet, that appears like a joint of meat roasting before a good coal fire, or like the sign of the red lion over the door of a brandy cellar; but his eye (that's his left eye, for the other's gone) is a squeaking one, and if any body is disposed to quiz his forefront, it immediately flashes, "*Tua refert teipsum NOSSE*."

Who have we next? Oh, Hameish Mogan from the Highlands, but known now as James Hogarth. He was brought up in the town of Ayr, and received all the little education he ever had from Burns the poet, of whom he speaks in raptures, and often repeats his verses, particularly his "Address to the Deil," with great precision and fluency. Hameish was bound apprentice to a tailor; but finding they'd mair use for claymores than breeks in the highlands, he listed into the 42d regiment, and was with them in Egypt when they engaged and defeated Bonney's Invincibles. He has all the fire and spirit of the Gael, and when relating the account of their pinning the French up against the walls of Aboukir

castle with their bayonets, he erects himself as stiff as buckram, and screws up his mouth like a button-hole. "Eh, (says he,) we measured our ground and cut out our wark weel that day, though there was mony a gude yard of braid claith spoiled by the ugly bayonets." Poor Hameish had a seam ript in his head by a French trooper, and a musket-ball took up a seating in his hip; so he was invalided, for marching was out of the question, as he bobb'd up and down like a barrow with a broken wheel. But still he would serve his King, so he entered into the navy, and was in the *Victory* at the battle off Trafalgar, when Nelson fought and Britain triumphed. Here he got another wound; relentless Fate displayed her shears, and nearly snipp'd the thread of life; but he stuck to his stuff, and was in the *Agamemnon* when she was wreck'd in the River Plate. From thence he was sent into the *Mutine* sloop, and was at Buenos Ayres at the first declaration of their independence. This vessel brought home the Spanish deputy to the Court of Great Britain.

Teddy O'Shaugnessy has been in almost every ship in the navy, either as master at arms or as lock'em ten-ends, *i. e.* ship's corporal. Teddy is a perfect original, and when at sea acquired the name of Mittimus Oramus, the Irish attorney-at-law; and I much question whether the late Counsellor Curran could handle a cause, sport a rapparty (as Teddy calls it,) or, as a punster, make a pun stir with more hec-la. His spectacles, which he declares will make any man see *no-lens vo-lens*, are mounted on a huge *Domine dirige nose* that meets an aspiring chin, defying every joke that can be levell'd against them, and seeming to say, "Aye, aye, Quiz, *seper-a-bit*." He wears his hair close cropp'd, and nature has rendered it so coarse, that it shows like a plantation of young broomsticks; and thereby hangs a tail, or rather stretches away from his neck in an horizontal direction like a tangent-screw, which fastens his head to his shoulders, always retaining the same situation, for Teddy's tail never varies.

Now comes my old and worthy

friend Ben Marlin. You have already heard of him through the wonderful account which was real-lie, true-lie, and faithful-lie (Ben's own *accent*) related some time since. He prides himself upon being a bit of a *cog-no-squint-eye*,—a sort of critic that sees two ways at once, and has a small collection of queeriosities which he calls his mu-se-hum; for instance, his bacca-stopper is made of one of Noah's cheek teeth given him by an old Arab, who had it from the Wandering Jew. His pricker, which has been made to go into the hollow of the tooth, is the identical needle (descended to him in the thread of lineal gin-and-ale-oigie as heir-loom of the Twist family) with which the first Mr. Twist raised himself to opulence, by sewing up a rent in the seat of Julius Cæsar's small-clothes. This needle has occasioned much controversy among the members, Sam affirming that the Romans were sans culottes, or only had 'em of cast iron or brass; but Ben insists upon the matter, and furthermore adds, "The job was so cleverly done, that Mrs. Julius Cæsar preserved them as a specimen of British neatness and ingenuity." Teddy sides with Sam, and says Julius was a highlander and wore petticoats; and Dick Wills who knows a little of history, asserts that the ancient Britons were clad in winding-sheets stuck together with skewers. Jem Breeching gives them a knowing look, and after a few hems—"Gemmen, it's my opinion—I say, gemmen, it's my opinion that if Mrs. Julius Cæsar took such a fancy to the small-clothes, it is more than probable that they actually belonged to her in their primitive state, and that her husband had slipp'd them on by mistake, being unable to find his petticoats. I say, gemmen, he might have slipp'd them on by mistake, or in a hurry, through the uncourteous reception our forefathers gave him, and that she was compelled to adopt the coats, and so it has continued ever since. And this is no fundamental error, for I'm borne out in my argument that the inexpressibles were originally the natural privilege of the ladies, by the struggles which many gentlewomen make for them even in the present day;



may, are they not worn by the softer sex (here Jem rolls his goggle eye) in many parts of the world to this hour?" But for Ben's picture: he is a short, thick, punchy man, one leg exceeding bandy, the other perfectly straight—but that's his wooden one; a face like a dripping-pan; a short, club, bas-relief nose, scarce a quarter of the face, and, you know, to be in due proportion it should be exactly one-third; and this may be easily ascertained by the thumb, for the thumb is equal to one-third of the face, and the nose equal to one third of the face; ergo, the thumb is equal to the nose. Some people's noses, to be sure, are longer than others, and that accounts for their being so easily led by them. Ben lost his leg in the gallant action of the E—— frigate, Captain P——, when she took the —— off the Black Rocks.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must lay down my brush for the present, as they have just piped to grog, so I hasten to wet my whistle and clear my pallet; but you may rely on an early description of the remaining members, their rules and regulations, their debates and harangues, &c. &c.; with may a tough yarn of most disastrous chances; of moving accidents, by flood and field; of hair-breadth 'scapes; of Andes vast and deserts wild, and mountain waves whose heads touch heaven; of flying fish and swimming cows; and genuine anecdotes of many a brave commander. 'Grog a-hoy!' Aye, aye, I'm coming, like seven bells half struck—like a cuckoo-clock maker—Good bye, Mr. Editor—like a bunch of sheep's trotters tied in granny's knots—like—like—like

AN OLD SAILOR.

(Edin. Mag.)

#### ON A CHILD PLAYING.

SWEET bud, that bye and bye shall be a flowre;  
 Younge star, that just hath broken on our eye;  
 Pure spring, ere long to grow a stream of power;  
 First dawn of Hope that soon shall flame out high  
 Into the mild arche of the golden skye:  
 I love, younge Fawn, to see thee sport; and yet  
 Such contemplation breeds but vain regret.

Let thy proud mother smile to see thy wayes,  
 And once again forget herself in thee—  
 Let the proud father eke the mother's praise,  
 But, graver, place thee fondling on his knee,  
 And vainly prophecy what thou shalt be—  
 Pleased with the tongueless eloquence, that lies  
 Still silent, in thy clear blue laughing eyes.

Let them enjoye—whilst yet they may enjoye;  
 And, infant son of Time, do thou smile on;  
 Deem not for aye to be the favourite boy;  
 Take what thou can'st, or ere thy time is gone;  
 For still the darling is the youngest son;  
 And thou shalt quickly sorrow sore to see  
 Another, younger still, supplanteth thee.

Though many a high presage be cast upon thee—  
 Though many a mouth be diligent to praise thee—  
 Though Beauty pine until that she hath won thee—  
 Though Worship, wheresoe'er thou go'st, delays thee—  
 Though Fate and Fortune emulate to raise thee—  
 Yet all the thronging honours that surround thee  
 Shall not availe thee, since that Care hath found thee.

Time's train is lacquey'd still by Wearinesse;  
 What boots the crownlet of o'er-flatter'd gold,  
 Or gemm'd Tiara, if they cannot bless  
 Or soothe the aching brows that they enfold?  
 What boots it to wax honourably old,

If 'tis the end of every hope and vow,  
To yearn to be again as thou art now ?

Oh ! 'tis a thriftless bargain of a life,  
To live to know that bliss is but pretence—  
That, gaining nothing in this earthly strife,  
We only toil to forfeit innocence—  
The profit nothing—but Remorse th' expense ;  
Or that fond grief, that wearies of its state,  
And pines for toys and gawds worn out of date.

Thou art an old pretender, grey-beard Age ;  
Thou boastest much, and yet art but a cheat ;  
And those who toil upon thy pilgrimage  
Would turn again with no unwilling feet.—  
Yea, dewy clouds to evening are most meet.  
If smiles be Youth's, sure teares are Age's sign,  
As suns that rise in smiles, in teares decline.

(Lit. Gaz.)

#### MILLINGTON'S PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

*The Atmosphere: Properties of Air, &c.*

**E**XPERIMENT proves that a cubic foot of air is capable of retaining in suspension or solution 12 grains of water ; consequently the atmosphere must at all times be more or less charged with aqueous vapours, and Dr. Halley calculated that 5280 millions of tons of water were evaporated from the surface of the Mediterranean sea in one summer's day. Dr. Thompson says that 94,450 cubic miles of water circulate annually through the atmosphere. So soon however as the density of air is diminished, or the particles of water are brought into a closer state of aggregation by cold or other causes, they collapse and are precipitated, or returned back again in the form of visible fluid.

Air not only incorporates with water, but with a great variety of other volatile materials, by which many of its characters become much changed ; and since heat assists in these combinations, so all warm or hot fluids will evaporate more readily than such as are cold. Drop a few drops of ether into a large drinking-glass, and cover it with a plate for a few minutes, when the ether will evaporate into the air, and will render it so inflammable that it will take fire on the approach of a taper. Exhaust an open-topped receiver, previously covered with a brass-plate having a stopcock, and a long bent copper pipe attached to it, and

let the air in again by this pipe through the flame of a lamp trimmed with spirits of turpentine. The receiver will appear to be full of smoke, but that smoke will have carried such a quantity of essential oil with it, and this will have so effectually combined with the air as to render it inflammable, and it will burn with a beautiful flame.

Notwithstanding the attraction that thus appears to exist between air and various fluids, yet the very pressure of the atmosphere prevents their rising in vapour, or evaporating upon slight increments of temperature. Thus ether is the rarest of all the visible fluids, and when a cup containing a little of this is placed under the receiver of an air pump, a very trifling action of the pump will make it boil. Water in the open air will not boil unless heated to 212 degrees, but when the atmospheric pressure is removed it boils at a much lower temperature ; and a glass of strong ale when heated in the slightest degree will put on the appearance of boiling under an exhausted receiver.

These circumstances suggested to Rev. Mr. Wollaston a means of measuring mountains or other elevations by means of the thermometer and boiling water ; for if water under atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth requires its temperature to be raised to 212 degrees to make it boil, and it boils at a lower heat when that pressure is diminished by the air-pump, so boiling the water



at a greater height in the open air, will diminish that pressure as effectually as placing it under an exhausted receiver, and accordingly it has been ascertained that water boils at the top of Mont Blanc at 187 instead of 212 degrees.

Clouds, fogs, rain, hail, and snow, result from various modifications of aqueous vapours which have risen from the earth into the atmosphere: dew is a condensation of the moisture at the time of evaporation. The condensation of air itself (which has been carried to a great degree, as in the air-gun\*) does not produce any change on its fluidity, transparency, elasticity, or other characters.

When the air of the atmosphere is thrown into motion by any cause, it produces the sensation called *Wind*, and although many circumstances may induce such motion, yet change of temperature is one of the principal of them.

The ascent of smoke in chimneys, land and sea breezes, and the trade winds, are natural modifications of this, and the same principle. On the contrary, among the irregular winds, or those which are not constant but accidental, the *Whirlwind*, the *Harmatan*, and the *Sirocco*, may be mentioned as the most conspicuous. The first of these is occasioned by the meeting of two or more currents of wind from opposite directions, and which can only be occasioned by some temporary but violent disturbance of equilibrium. The *Harmatan* is met with on the western coast of Africa, and is generally attended by great heat and fog; it appears to be occasioned by a conflict between the heated sands of Africa,

and the regular direction of the trade winds over that continent, and by disturbing their progress, it is frequently a forerunner of a hurricane in the West Indies. The *Sirocco* occurs in Egypt, the Mediterranean and in Greece, and is chiefly characterized by its very unhealthy qualities. The air by passing over the heated sands of Egypt becomes so dry and rarefied as to be scarcely fit for respiration, and being so prepared, it absorbs so much humidity on passing the Mediterranean sea as to form a suffocating and oppressive kind of fog.

And the force of wind or air in motion is ascertained by means of instruments called *Anemescopes* and *Anemometers*, and is as the squares of its velocities. Some of the sensible effects of wind, as given by Mr. Smeaton from Mr. Rouse's calculations, are as follows:—When it moves at the rate of one mile in an hour, its effects are scarcely perceptible; between four and five miles an hour produces what is generally called a breeze; from 10 to 15 miles an hour makes a brisk gale; from 30 to 45 miles, a strong or hard gale; from 50 to 60 miles, a storm; and from 80 to 100 miles in an hour produces a hurricane, such as occasionally occurs in the West Indies, and which sweeps away houses, trees, and every thing opposed to its force.

Finally, it is stated as a practical rule, that the square of the velocity of any wind being found and multiplied by 16, the product will be the impulse or resistance upon a square foot in grain weights.

“Air, although invisible, is material, and partakes of all the properties which belong in common to other matter, for it occupies space, and it attracts and is attracted, and consequently has weight. It likewise partakes of the nature of fluids, for it adapts itself to the form of the vessel which contains it, and it presses equally in all directions, consequently it must be considered as a material fluid.”

All airs or gasses are also highly and permanently elastic, for “under all changes which can be wrought upon them, they maintain their characters of fluidity and elasticity, and

\* It is a curious fact, that although the air-pump is a modern invention, yet the air, which is so nearly allied to it in the construction of its valves and condensing syringe, should have existed long antecedent to it; for it is recorded that an air-gun was made for Henry IV. by Marin, of Lisieux in Normandy, as early as 1608; and another was preserved in the armoury at Schmetan, bearing the date of 1474. The air-gun of the present day is however very different from that which was formerly made, and which discharged but one bullet after a long and tedious process of condensation, while it now discharges five or six without any visible variation of force, and will even act upon a dozen, but with less effect.

will not admit of being congealed or rendered solid; with steams and vapours the case is very different, for they arise from inelastic fluids, by the application of heat, and they are highly elastic so long as they retain their form of vapour, but upon being cooled they return again into their original state of inelastic fluid, and therefore differ very materially from air, and cannot be said to be permanently elastic. Water affords a very good instance, for this is inelastic, but its steam is elastic in the highest degree; whenever this steam becomes cooled it reverts back into its original state of water, and of course resumes all its former characters. Since air has weight, and every thing upon the earth is surrounded and enveloped by it, it follows that all things must be subject to its pressure which will be exerted, not only upon them, but upon itself, and since air is elastic or capable of yielding to pressure, so of course the lower part of the atmosphere will be more dense, or in a greater state of compression than that which is above. Suppose for example that the whole height of the atmosphere is divided into 100 equal parts, and that each of these may weigh an ounce, or may be equivalent to the production of that pressure, then the earth and all things upon its surface will be pressed with the whole 100 ounces, the lowest stratum of air will be pressed by the 99 ounces above it, the next by 98, and so on until we arrive of the 99th stratum from the bottom, which will be subject to no more than one ounce of pressure, or the weight of the last or highest stratum.”†

† In fact, “by means of calculations corroborated by the barometer at different heights, it is ascertained that air at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the earth has but half the density of that upon its surface and that it loses half its density at about every succeeding  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles; therefore taking the density of the air at the earth's surface as 1, at the height of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles it will be twice as rare; at the height of 7 miles it will be four times as rare, at 21 miles it will be 64 times rarer, and 4069 times at 42 miles. By the same rule at 49 miles high, it will be 16384 times rarer, and as this far exceeds the rarefaction that can be produced by the best air-pump, it is generally considered that the

Upon these simple data all the phenomena connected with the atmosphere and its component gasses depend. There is also another principle of which we are little sensible, but which is the cause of our being able to walk upon the earth instead of being crushed into it. “Springs of every kind expand or contract until they arrive at a state of equilibrium with the force that is acting upon them.” - - - Thus “notwithstanding the body of a man of ordinary stature is calculated to sustain no less a pressure of air than 32,400 lbs. yet the spring of the air contained within the body exactly balances or counteracts the pressure from without, and makes him insensible of the existence of any pressure at all; and the spring and pressure of air will thus balance each other in all cases except when the communication is cut off, and the natural equilibrium is destroyed by some disturbing cause. - - - That the spring of air causes it to expand according to the amount of external pressure may be very well shown by the following experiment:—Take a bladder either with or without a stopcock attached to it, and press nearly the whole of the air out of it, then either shut the stopcock or tie up the orifice very closely with a strong waxed thread; in this state place it under a receiver upon the plate of an air pump and exhaust the air. The bladder will at first appear empty because the pressure of the outward air is an exact balance to the spring of that which is contained within. By the process of exhaustion the outward air becomes rarefied, and is no longer capable of opposing that spring. The bladder will therefore gradually expand, until at last when the receiver is pretty well exhausted, it will appear to be fully blown, and is sometimes even burst; but if the motion of the pump is stopped before this takes place, and the air is readmitted into the receiver by the cock for that purpose, the bladder will shrink down into its original dimensions, thus prov-

sensible atmosphere of the earth extends to the distance of about 45 miles from its surface.”



ing that no additional quantity of air was admitted into it, but that the spring of that which it previously contained produced the effect.—This experiment is sometimes varied by putting the bladder in a frame, and placing weights upon it, when it will not only expand, but will raise the weights at the same time.

“If a small portion of the shell of an egg be broken away at the small end, and it is then placed under a receiver and exhausted, the bubble of air that is always contained at the large end, will in like manner expand, and in doing so, will force out the contents of the egg. A withered apple when treated in the same way will expand and appear fresh, provided its skin is not broken; and a small fountain, or *jet d'eau*, may be produced by filling a small glass globe half full of water, and screwing a tube in its neck, so that its lower end may project considerably

below the surface of the water; the air above the water will in this way be confined, and of course when the apparatus is confined under a tall receiver and exhausted, that air will expand, and by pressing upon the surface of the water will force it up the tube, which must terminate in a small orifice to produce a jet.”

Pressure, the natural consequence of weight, is beautifully illustrated by the Madgeburgh hemispheres, invented by Otto Guericke about A. D. 1654. These when internally exhausted require an immense force to pull them asunder, but if filled with air, they open and drop off. All the effects vulgarly attributed to suction, depend on the weight and pressure of the atmosphere; for there is no such principle as Suction in Nature. The barometer is formed on the principle of measure ascertained with regard to atmospheric pressure.

#### HISTORY OF THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

(Mon. Mag.)

MR. GODWIN has for sometime been engaged on a work, to be entitled, the History of the Commonwealth of England. There is no part of the history of this island (says Mr. G. in his prospectus,) which has been so inadequately treated as the History of the Commonwealth, or the characters and acts of those leaders, who had for the most part the direction of the public affairs of England from 1640 to 1660. When the Commonwealth of England was overturned, and Charles the Second was restored, a proscription took place in this country, resembling, with such variations as national character and religion demanded, the proscriptions in the latter years of the Roman Republic. This severity had its object, and the measure might be necessary. That the restored order of things should become permanent, it might be requisite that the heads of the regicides should be fixed on the pinnacles of our public edifices, and that the exercise of every form of worship but that of the church of England should be forbidden, as it was forbidden. The proscription however went further than this. The characters of the men who figured during the interregnum were spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. As the bodies of Cromwell and Pym and Blake were dug out of their graves to gratify the spleen of the triumphant party, so no one had the courage to utter a word in commendation either of the talents or virtues of men engaged in the service of

the Commonwealth. The motives for misrepresentation are temporary; but the effects often remain, when the causes are no more. This is in most cases the result of indolence only: historians follow the steps of one another, with the passiveness and docility of a flock of sheep following the bell-wether. What was begun by the writers who immediately succeeded the restoration, has ever since been continued. The annals of this period are written in the crudest manner, and touched with hasty and flying strokes, as if the authors perpetually proceeded under the terrors of contamination. No research has been exercised; no public measures have been traced to their right authors; and the succession of judges, public officers, and statesmen, have been left in impenetrable confusion. All is chaos and disorder. To develop this theme is the object of the work it is proposed to write. The purpose of the author is to review his materials with the same calmness, impartiality, and inflexible justice, as if the events of which he is to treat, had happened before the universal deluge, or in one of the remotest islands of the South Sea. He will not consciously give place in the slightest degree to the whispers of favour or affection, nor fear to speak the plain and unvarnished truth whoever may reap from it honour or disgrace. Such is the homage that ought to be paid to the genius of history; and such a narrative is the debt that future ages have a right to demand.

(Lit. Gaz.)

## PERSIAN MELODIES.

## THE HEAVENS TWO.

'Tis sweet to look out at the still hour of even,  
 And gaze on the almond-trees shining afar,  
 When the hills they adorn wear the beauty of  
 Heaven,  
 And each silver blossom seems lit by a star:  
 Then I turn to the waves of the calm Band Amir\*  
 And see how the stars in the water appear ;

For the earth and the sky are so lovelily blended,  
 When the beam of Halady† first struggles to birth,  
 One might fancy the stars from the sky had de-  
 scended

To play with the flowers that bloom on the earth :  
 'Tis a moment whose glory is equalled by none,  
 When the lights of two heavens are mingled in one.

## I THINK OF THEE.

There's not a flower that gems the side  
 Of yon clear fountain murmuring by ;  
 There's not a playful waves can glide,  
 Whose sun-lit beauties catch my eye ;

\* The ancient Araxes.

† The Moon.

There's nought of pure or bright I see,  
 But I am sure to think of thee.

When I behold the radiant blaze  
 Of Mihr ‡ just peeping o'er the billow ;  
 When I behold his evening rays  
 Sink lightly on their gorgeous pillow ;  
 When aught of pure or bright I see,  
 My love, my life, I think of thee.

There's not a bird whose varied wing  
 Displays a thousand glittering dyes ;  
 There's not a beauteous flower can fling  
 Its dawn of glory o'er the skies ;  
 There's nought of pure or bright I see,  
 But I am sure to think of thee.

When I behold the stars of night  
 (A lonely hour at eve beguiling)  
 Pour down their streams of quivering light,  
 Like groups of youthful Peris § smiling ;  
 When aught of pure or bright I see,  
 My love, my life, I think of thee!

Brighton.

G. B. H.

‡ The Sun.

§ Imaginary beings, fairies.

## THE THREE PERILS OF WOMAN ; OR LOVE, LEASING, AND JEALOUSY.

*A series of domestic Scottish Tales. By JAMES HOGG.*

**T**HE author has certainly hit upon one of the fortunate requisites for a novel—a good name. The Three Perils of Woman is capital *ad captandum* ; and few circulating libraries will be able to resist the title. With regard to the other requisites, his success is more mixed. A man of a strong but undisciplined imagination, the Ettrick Shepherd generally produces strange patchwork with his pen ; and has not departed from his practice in the present case. These tales accordingly display a vigour which is often very effective, and a well-combined series of incidents, forming a plot rarely uninteresting ; but at the same time they are disgraced by coarsenesses and gross vulgarities—are occasionally extravagant beyond sympathy—want consistency and keeping as well as nature in the characters—and are disfigured by a dialect of unintelligible gibberish, such as we believe no native either of England or Scotland can comprehend.

Though three names are given to

the stories, Love, Leasing (or Lying,) and Jealousy, they are but two in number : Love occupying the first two volumes ; and Leasing, with its sequel, Jealousy, the third. Instead of chapters, the parts are affectedly divided into Circles ; a very roundabout way of catching notoriety.

The actors in the first drama are, chiefly, Daniel Bell, a wealthy Border sheep farmer ; his wife, a selfish matron, of the true Scotch breed ; his beautiful daughter Agatha, or Gatty, his son Joseph, and his poor pretty niece Cherry, or Cherubina Elliot ; M'Ion, a young highland chieftain, of mysterious parentage ; Mrs. Johnston, Gatty's nurse, who turns out to be a lady, and M'Ion's mother ; Dick Rickleton, a tremendous Northumbrian boor, related to the Bells ; and sundry others, such as M'Turk and Callum Gun, poor Heeland Shentlemens ; Kate M'Nab, afterwards Mrs. Rickleton ; Wagstaff, a miserable poet, et cetera.

M'Ion loves Gatty Bell, and Gatty



Bell loves him ; but refines so much upon her passion, that she drives the gallant into an offer of marriage to her cousin Cherry. This brings her to her senses and to death's-door ; on which the magnanimous Cherry sacrifices her heart's affections, and dies, after the marriage of her lover and friend. Strange adventures also befall the wife, who lies three years in a trance, and is unconsciously delivered of a son ; but she comes to herself miraculously at last, and all ends happily. The character of the old grazier, Daniel, is forcibly drawn ; but Mr. Hogg appears to have thrown out all his powers upon the sturdy representative of Northumberland farmers. The ideas and doings of Mr. Rickleton are, indeed, neither very rational nor decent ; but he is made to play the Ajax\* aptly enough to such a Hector as M'Ion, an Ulysses as Daniel Bell, a Mentor as Mrs. Johnston, a Helen as Kate M'Nab, an Andromache as Gatty, and a Thersites as Joseph.

It is to be regretted Mr. H. had no friend to consult who would have prevailed on him to strike out several very indecent and reprehensible passages ; assuring him that no author ought to write what no gentleman could say in respectable, far less in female, society. Further, that his anecdote of the Duke of Wellington is a silly falsehood ; that his characters, Cherry for example, are unnatural when in one page they are guilty of the most childish rustic

\* "He was a real clod-pole—a moss-jumper—a man of bones, thews, and sinews, with no more mind or ingenuity than an owl ; men nicknamed him *the heather-bloater*, from his odd way of laughing, for that laugh could have been heard for five miles all around, on a calm evening, by the Border fells,—and, for brevity's sake, it was often contracted into *the bleoler*. But, with all these oddities, Richard Rickleton was as rich as Cræsus ; at last he was richer, by his own account, than Simon Dodd of Ramshope, and that seemed to be the ultimatum of his ambition."

simplicity, and in another manifest the noblest sentiments of refinement ; that the frequent allusions to women of ill-fame, and especially Gatty's letter about them, are in the worst possible taste : and that the prayers and religious offices, so copiously interspersed in all the Edinburgh productions of fiction, and so very plentifully bestowed upon this tale, very often approach to blasphemy, and are generally profane and revolting to good feeling.

The other tales (*Leasing and Jealousy*) take up some striking remembrances of the rebellion of 1745-6. They open with an intense interest (and it is the great merit of the author, that he seldom allows the interest to lag ;) the narrative carries the reader through many scenes of an affecting description, and the conclusion is tragically fine. As in the preceding Novel, however, the most prominent characters are not consistent, and we have such anomalies as the common jilting country servant girl of one chapter (we beg pardon, "circle," and indeed she does belong to several circles) acting the distinguished heroine of high sentiment and noble manners in another.

We conclude with the only piece of poetical composition which these volumes contain : it is a lullaby over a dead baby :

#### THE DEAD BABE.

O sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing,  
Thy sorrow is over, thy mild eye is closing,  
The world has proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly,

But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee.  
A wonder thou art, as thou lie'st there unshriven,  
A stem of the earth and a radiance of heaven ;  
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying,  
A spark of the other, thou'rt mourning and flying.  
Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever !

I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never ;  
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,  
A pure, living flame, to the mansions of glory.  
The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder ;  
The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder ;  
But I'll trust my babe in her trial of danger,  
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

#### ON MISAPPLIED BENEVOLENCE.

(From the Latin of Buchanan.)

With violets, fragrant herbs, let none presume  
To crown the summit of my lowly tomb :  
Nor grace the spot, where my remains are laid,  
With the tall pyramid's majestic shade.  
Rather let him whose proffered love would claim  
The festive honours of fair Friendship's name,

While life remains each kind attention show,  
And, ere too late, what Friendship asks bestow.  
For when the shears of Fate have cleft in twain—  
Embittering thought ! sweet Life's delusive chain,  
I care not then, should thorns their blossoms shed  
Mid the rude ruins of my charnel-bed.

## MEMOIRS OF THE MARCHIONESS LE BONCHAMPS, OF LA VENDEE.

(Lit. Gaz.)

**I**T has afforded us much gratification to peruse this simple and very touching tale; which, like Sterne's single captive, brings before us, far more powerfully than any general description, the heroism and horror of the Civil War in La Vendée. Without instituting a comparison between the narratives of the Marchioness and of her precursor in the same style, the delightful and affecting La Roche Jaquelin, we can fairly assign to the present work the praise of a deep and captivating interest. It adds many particulars to Chaveau's life of Bonchamps, that complete and noble cavalier, without fear and without reproach; whose short but illustrious career reflected an honour on human nature,\* and presented in reality all those sublime features which imagination fancies in a hero. The writer says,

"When an oath was required from the army, contrary to the royal dignity and the true interests of France, my husband sent in his resignation, determined to devote himself to his family

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\* "M. de Sapineaud was his friend, and in the notes to his affecting *Vendian Elegies*, he gives a portrait in detail of M. de Bonchamps, of which the following are some of the traits:—"His manners were noble and gracious, his features expressive, his hair thick and curling, his teeth of a dazzling white, and his eyes beaming with intelligence. He was warm in his friendships, he loved literature and the elegant arts, and he never retired to rest without passing some time in study. He cultivated in turns mathematics, drawing, music, and reading. His conversation was instructive and various;—he had, as was well known, an heroic courage, and detested duels. Whilst we were in garrison at Bezières, two of our comrades, dismissed from their regiment had been condemned to fight before their departure:—M. de Bonchamps opposed the sentence, saying, is it not enough to discharge them, without compelling them to kill each other.—As for himself he never had an affair of honour; he carefully avoided them. M. Soyer has told me the fine answer which he made to Stofflet, who had sent him a challenge;—No, sir, I will not accept your defiance; God and the King can alone dispose of my life, and our cause would lose too much if it were deprived of yours."

and to retirement. He returned to his seat, to deplore with me the evils which threatened France, although he as yet only foresaw a small portion of them;—the sensibility and generosity of his heart prevented him from conceiving them all. Partaking his most intimate thoughts, I above all lamented with him the fearful progress of irreligion. 'It is impiety,' said he to me, 'which has prepared this general ferment; it is that alone which can produce permanent evils, in undermining the foundations of morality. It confounds every idea of justice and of injustice;—it shakes all social institutions. Where will this torrent stop? Will the rising generation be wiser and more enlightened than the present, which has taught its children to reject all discipline, and to make divinities of their passions?'"

"These painful reflections drew from us bitter tears. But as yet the example of my husband had maintained good order and piety amongst the peasantry of his estate. Whilst almost all France, especially Paris, abandoned itself to the most guilty delirium, we still found around us the innocence and the tranquillity of the golden age.

"Meanwhile the revolution advanced rapidly towards its crisis."

La Vendée rose in the royal cause, and among its most eminent leaders was De Bonchamps:—"I (his lady tells) distributed among all our peasants white cockades, and a banner embroidered with the lily. I made them with my own linen and robes, having no other materials. I never embroidered or sewed with more zeal and pleasure."

Many actions were soon fought, and

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\* "Since this time it has been written and affirmed, without intermission, that *passion excuses all, authorizes all*. A society in Germany has taken this motto, *All by passion, nothing by reason*. This device, which might have been that of Nero, of Caligula, of Marat, and of Robespierre, justifies, by this system, all the actions of these sanguinary men."—*Madame de Genlis*.



in the midst of an atrocious civil war the narrative proceeds :

"Whilst these events engaged my husband, he had sent me word to repair with my children to Beaupréau, because the enemy were marching upon la Baronnière. The tocsin sounded ; and I had barely time for a hasty flight. I was obliged to take the horses of the farmers, all our own having been seized by a requisition. I placed my children in one of the panniers, fixed on the back of a horse, with a few playthings to prevent their cries ; the other pannier was filled with powder, muskets, and the pistols which belonged to my husband. The horse which carried my children, having taken fright ran away and threw them down. The terror which their danger caused me was such, that two days after it produced a miscarriage. "During the two days which preceded this unfortunate accident, I was obliged to continue our journey, to remain on horseback, and, though enduring the greatest agony, to affect tranquillity, that I might not discourage our peasants. I arrived at Gaubretière, in Poitou, at the house of Madame de Boisy, where I received the most tender marks of affection. I was at the last extremity ;—and I only owed my recovery to the attentions which were lavished on me. I had hardly recovered when I saw my husband arrive, wounded at the battle of Fontenay. From this latter town to la Gaubretière, the distance is at least fifteen leagues. During the whole of this journey M. de Bonchamps was carried by the soldiers, who contended for this honour, and desired to share it in turn. It was a melancholy meeting when I saw him in that state. I was myself convalescent ;—our tears gushed forth at our embrace.

"Fearing for the life of my children, (for the blues destroyed all without distinction of age or sex,) I went to fix my residence in the offices of la Baronnière, the only remains of the chateau which had escaped the rage of the republicans."

These, however, were but the beginning of her sorrows. It was not a

time when even wounds could excuse such a person as M. de Bonchamps from active duty. MM. de Lescure and Henri de la Rochejaquelein "came to intreat my husband (continues Madame de B.) to make an effort to repair to his army, because the peasants, having him no longer to lead them, lost every day a portion of their zeal and ardour. " M. de Bonchamps determined to depart immediately, in spite of my solicitude ;—and whilst his servants were hastily engaged in preparing for his departure, I myself loaded his pistols, a thing which he had taken pleasure in teaching me to do, saying 'that the wife of a general ought to make herself capable of rendering such a service to her husband in time of need.' I obeyed him in this particular as in every other, but to load his arms was to me a most painful duty. I could hardly refrain my tears in considering that he would only use them in the exposure of his life to the greatest danger. I have followed him to many battles without experiencing so painful a sentiment. —I felt his dangers less when I shared them ;—for inaction renders fear insupportable."

And from this affecting picture of domestic alarm, she turns to a more general but equally interesting account of the troubles which agitated the country :

"About this period there was an extraordinary activity in the cottages of la Vendée, and in the villages and small towns of which the peasants had made themselves masters. Arms were rudely fabricated ; herdsmen become warriors, had turned their peaceful huts into workshops, where the iron rung under the redoubled blows of the hammer. Instruments of husbandry, which had been destined to the tranquil cultivation of the soil, became transformed into murderous arms. Originally formed for the propagation of the food of man, they now carried death and destruction into the fields they ought to have fertilized. However, agriculture was not abandoned ;—the cultivation of fields was entrusted to women and children :—but if fortune did not second the bravery of the

men, the women immediately abandoned their labours to fly to their assistance, to protect their retreat, even to fight with them in order to drive away the enemy. During the battles the air resounded with the repeated shouts of *Vive la Religion! Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* They did not march upon the enemy, they precipitated themselves towards him; the flash of the cannon was, for these peasants, a signal to throw themselves upon the earth to invoke the God of armies; its thunder was to them a call to rise up rapidly and spring upon the batteries, crushing every thing that resisted them with an inconceivable velocity. If on their way they came up to the cross of a mission, the whole of the army went on their knees and prayed. On one occasion one of their chiefs remonstrated against their stopping thus; M. D. Lescure interrupted him, saying, 'Let them pray, they will fight the better for it.' In an affair where the Vendéans were sure to be overwhelmed by numbers, they cried aloud, 'Let us march to Heaven;' and they penetrated the battalions of the enemy, happy to rush upon martyrdom.

"Another fact deserves relation. Two Vendean horsemen were fighting with their swords against each other. The Marquis of Donnissan passing, said to them, 'What! Jesus Christ forgave his executioners, and would a soldier of the Christian army slay his comrade?' At these words they threw away their swords and embraced.

"Enthusiasm, in a word, was so general, that even young men, scarcely past their boyhood, were seen fighting with the greatest valour;—amongst others, M. de Moudyon, who escaped from Paris to join the Catholic army; and M. de Laugier, only thirteen years of age. The horse which he rode in his first battle was killed under him, but he was able to procure another, and again came to expose himself to death in the ranks of the victorious army.

"I might record numberless admirable traits of the Vendéans; but in truth the peasants were heroes only when their chiefs gave them the example of

the most rash intrepidity. They could only lead them successfully in exposing themselves with imprudence. This is the reason why M. de Bonchamps was so often wounded. He has been unjustly reproached with having neglected, as a chief, sufficiently to take care of his own person; he knew the disposition and the manners of the Vendéans. He acted upon calculation, and not from temerity;—he had thus an absolute command over his soldiers; one word from him has often been enough to restore their courage."

Fatal to him was this glorious calculation. The battle of Chollet was fought:

"The Vendéans had overthrown every thing, and they were already in the suburbs of Chollet. All at once the grenadiers of the Convention rallied;—the Mayençois marched in advance; and the face of every thing was changed. Taken in flank by the cavalry in the plain, the royalists were broken; in vain the generals endeavoured to arrest the fugitives; even the voice of my husband had lost its power. As a last effort, all the chiefs assembled, formed a squadron, which a few Vendean horsemen joined, and threw themselves in desperation into the midst of the ranks of the enemy. It was in this fatal moment that M. de Bonchamps received a mortal wound in his body, and fell bathed in his blood. M. Piron succeeded in making his way, and bearing off my husband, preserving him at least from the horror of falling into the hands of his ferocious enemies, who shot all their prisoners;—he was placed on a litter. At this sight the Vendéans resumed all their courage to escort and protect him: they rallied round him, carrying his litter by turns, for five leagues in spite of the pursuit of the republicans. They deposited him at Saint-Florent, where five thousand prisoners were then confined in the church. Religion had as yet preserved the Vendéans from the crime of sanguinary reprisals. They had always, as I have already said, generously treated the republicans; but when they were informed that my unfortunate husband was mortally wounded, their fury equalled their des-



pair, and they vowed the death of their prisoners. During this time, M. de Bonchamps had been conveyed to the house of Madame Duval, in the lower part of the town. All the officers of his army knelt around the mattress upon which he was extended, waiting with the most fearful anxiety the decision of the surgeon. The wound was so severe that it left no hope. M. de Bonchamps read the coming event in the gloomy sadness of every countenance: he endeavoured to calm the grief of his officers;—he afterwards demanded with intense anxiety that the last orders which he might give should be executed, and he then required that their lives should be spared to the prisoners confined in the abbey. Turning to M. d'Autichamp, one of the officers of his army that he loved the best, he added, 'My friend, this is unquestionably the last order I shall give you;—assure me that it shall be executed.'

"The order of M. de Bonchamps, given on his death bed, produced all the effect that was to have been expected from it. Hardly was it known by the soldiery, than they cried on all sides...*'Grâce! grâce! Bonchamps l'ordonne :'* and the prisoners were saved."

This heroic act of mercy was his last, and he died soon after in a fisherman's hut: nor was it without its reward even here, for it ultimately caused the life of his young widow to be spared even by a revolutionary tribunal steeped in blood.

The narrative now changes its character: we have no longer scenes of contest and of alternate victory and reverse. The story becomes that of a proscribed woman, a fugitive, with her two children, seeking shelter and sustenance. Her fate was one of trial, and bitterness, and suffering hardly paralleled in the history of female wretchedness: such is the instability of worldly fortunes, the uncertainty of mortal hopes! Rarely have we read a more melancholy tale: how much does its realities destroy the effects of the pathetic inventions of the novelist!

The condition and feelings of the bereft widow are described with most natural truth:

"For several days I was left in ignorance of the irreparable loss I had sustained. A courier came to tell me from my husband, that he desired me to set off for Brittany. I made inquiries about him, and was answered that he had already sent his horses on my route. Thus deceived with regard to this lamentable event, I immediately set off with my children, without any inquietude. We passed the Loire in a boat; but the grief and consternation of the peasants whom I met, soon made me anticipate some misfortune. I questioned them eagerly; and I at last heard that I had lost the object of my warmest affection and of my most profound admiration, and that all my hopes of glory and happiness were gone. At the moment when I heard those terrible words, 'he no longer lives,' I thought my own life would have also terminated. For some minutes I remained in a state which bordered upon stupidity. During the war I had a thousand times feared for his life, and yet this dreadful event appeared as incomprehensible to me, as if I had never had reason to foresee and dread it. The imagination, which exaggerates so many things could not give an idea of such a rending of the heart, of such an annihilation of every hope. I was roused from this sinking torpor, and regained the power of reflection, only to feel at once all the pangs which can overwhelm the soul. Without religion I should have yielded in despair;—but I resigned myself, I prayed, and I then knew I should have strength to support my deplorable situation.

"My children, who were so dear to me, far from being a consolation, now aggravated my sorrows. I could not cast my eyes upon them without experiencing the most painful feeling of compassion. They had nothing left but the name of *Bonchamps*; it was indeed an inheritance; but what cares, what affection, could take the place of such a father? My little Herménée, above all, distracted me; I could only begin his education, but he who could alone have finished it worthily—to the extent of a mother's wishes, was taken from us.

"This child promised, as far as could

be exhibited in such tender years, all the virtues and all the courage of his father; when in the rear of the army, and he heard the cannon, far from being frightened, he became animated, and beating the little drum which he would always have with him, he cried, *Victory! Victory!* He had an astonishing memory; he knew a multitude of soldiers by name, and in his childish talk he always exhorted them to fight '*pour bon Dieu et le Roi.*' I do not exaggerate in saying that his little exhortations, which caused a smile, have more than once animated the ardour of the Vendéans. This child, on the field of battle, was equally cherished by officers and soldiers. M. Henri de la Rochejaquelein took the most tender interest in him, and he had such especial care of him, that he always had him to sleep with him.

"I set off for Varades, where I found MM. de la Rochejaquelein and d'Autichamp, who informed me that my husband, before he expired, had committed me to their protection. They declared to me that I must resolve always to follow the army, because in that manner alone could they direct their attentions towards me, and consequently answer for my safety;—I submitted to this without hesitation.

"The war still continued, and as I was proceeding with my children to join the rear of the army, I heard the cannon afar off. I had heard it often when M. de Bonchamps was at the head of his troops; for, whenever he quitted me, he always left me in some house near the field of battle, and then this terrible sound of murderous artillery caused in me a shuddering, of which nothing can express the horror;—M. de Bonchamps then fought.—But now that I had nothing to fear for him, this same sound caused me only a feeling of mournful remembrance of those tears which it used to draw from me;—never after the death of my husband did this alarming noise produce to me the slightest emotion;—I had exhausted every sensation of grief and terror of this kind.

"I followed the army to the end of the war."

At the close of this disastrous strug-

gle commenced her flights and peculiar dangers. At one place she writes,

- - "As I was in great want of sleep, I threw myself upon the bed, and slept profoundly. I was abruptly roused at five o'clock by the mistress of the house, who came in haste to tell me that the blues were coming into those parts. I had only time to save myself, with my two children and the girl who followed us, in order to reach the village of Saint-Herbolon. The distance between that village and Ancenis is hardly four leagues;—but although we set off at five o'clock in the evening, we only reached Saint-Herbolon at six in the morning. It is true we were on foot, and that I carried Herménée on my back;—my servant carried my daughter. We often saw the blues at a distance; and then we were obliged to go back: I am convinced that in this flight we walked six or seven leagues. Having reached Saint-Herbolon, after having been exposed to a thousand dangers, we were hospitably received at a farm;—that very day a burning fever obliged us all three to be put to bed. My daughter and myself found our bodies covered with pustules; it was the small-pox. The symptoms were very mild in my little girl, and myself; but with Herménée the eruption was imperfect, and in that moment he gave me the most heart-rending anxiety.

"We were not yet recovered from this frightful malady, when some neighbours came to tell the farmer with whom we lodged, that if he had Vendéans concealed with him, he ought to send them away without delay, to avoid the destruction of his house by a detachment of blues who were approaching. The farmer led us, in this extremity, to a barn open to every blast, and there laid us under the straw. We remained there all night. An excessive cold, joined to all that Herménée had suffered at the passage of the Loire, completely threw back the eruption of the small-pox, and the next day this dear child expired on my bosom. I know not what would have become of me in this horrible situation without religion, which is all-sufficient and all-supporting. I saw this beloved child



in heaven, and I only wept for myself. At length I found the means of having him buried in the church-yard of Saint-Herbolon. This cruel event having led to the discovery that we were sheltered in this barn, we were obliged to leave it. A good man of the village, named Drouneau, came to take us away, and he conducted us (my daughter and myself) to the house of one of his relations at Hardouillière about half a league from Saint-Herbolon. We were yet covered with small-pox. I agreed to part from my faithful servant; but I had the consolation of thinking, that, being no longer with us, she had ceased to incur any individual danger.

“The republicans having come from Nantes, to make a search about our new refuge, we were compelled without delay to leave the house; and we were placed in the hollow of a tree, about twelve feet high. We climbed to this hiding-place by means of a ladder, and we remained in it three days and three nights, having the small-pox: I had moreover a gathering in the knee and one in the leg.

“The good peasant placed near us, in the hollow of the tree, a small pitcher of water and a morsel of bread. After the moment of joy which I derived from the possibility of saving myself with my child, even in the hollow of a tree, who can express all that I suffered in that sad situation? But it was an asylum, and in that terrible hour it was every thing. Never did any one with more satisfaction and pleasure take possession of a convenient and suitable apartment. But, afterwards what dark reflections came crowding upon my mind. At the end of an hour I found myself so fatigued, by the constrained attitude in which I was obliged to remain in this narrow prison, and which I could not change, that I thought it would be impossible for me to close my eyes. My daughter suffered less than myself, because I held her on my knees, and she could turn about, which she never did without rubbing my diseased knee: in these moments she always gave me extreme pain; but I abstained from complaint. I spent, indeed, a horrible night, and my inqui-

etude, as well as my bodily sufferings, did not allow me a moment of repose. My daughter slept a little; but during her sleep she constantly groaned, and her wailings wrung my heart. When she awoke, it was to ask for drink. I was myself devoured by a burning thirst, which I dared not satisfy, in the fear of exhausting our little store of water. At length, at break of day, our charitable peasant came to bring us some brown bread and some apples. This visit alone was a consolation for me; it proved to me that we were not entirely abandoned, and that we had yet a support and a protector. I had no appetite, but I eagerly ate some of the apples, because they quenched my thirst a little; but I soon perceived that this bad nourishment aggravated my disease. My daughter experienced the same effect;—our fever redoubled. In spite of the cold of the season we were both burning; we were not only without a physician, without any relief from skill, without servants, but without a bed, without a room, without having even the possibility of stretching ourselves; a prey to the sufferings of a dangerous malady, and exposed to the inclemency of the air; for if the weather had not been frosty, and it had become stormy, the rain and hail would have fallen in our tree. In this dreadful state it appeared impossible not to sink speedily under such a combination of evils. This idea caused in me the most extraordinary feeling that could ever distract the mind of a mother: I wished to survive my daughter, had it been only for an hour. I could not bear the thought of what would become of her—of what she would feel, when I should no long answer her, when she would no longer receive my caresses, when I should no longer support her in my arms, when she should see me motionless, lifeless, cold, insensible to her tears and her cries. These thoughts rent my soul; they would assuredly have cost me my life but for religion, which lifted me above myself. I prayed with confidence, fervour, and resignation; but after every prayer, poured out from the bottom of my heart, I felt myself strengthened and reanimated; my pulse beat with less

violence; my fever lessened; my heavy eyes closed, and I sometimes slept two or three hours in succession, with the sweetest and calmest sleep; my daughter also recovered her strength, and I ceased to fear for her life. On the morning of the third day, they brought us some milk, which I saved for my child, and which did her great good. At length our place of refuge was discovered, or at least suspected. A peasant, passing in the dusk of the evening near our tree, heard me cough several times; he guessed that somebody was hidden in the tree. On his arrival in the village, he mentioned this circumstance. An old soldier of the army of M. de Bonchamps heard his account; he was living with his aged father. Having served in the army of the royalists, he often hid himself when the republicans passed through the village. Knowing I was a fugitive, he soon discovered the truth; but he abstained speaking of it to the other villagers. He pretended to retire to rest, but instead of lying down, he came immediately to the place where I was, of which he had informed himself. All at once, towards the end of the night, I heard myself called by my name;—the unsuitable hour, and the rough voice of a man which I did not recognize, terrified me very much: I did not answer. The soldier was not discouraged; he pronounced his name, but that did not give me confidence, for I did not remember it. Nevertheless he persisted, adding, in a low voice, *Trust yourself to a soldier of the army of Bonchamps.* This name, so dear, produced upon me the effect which he expected. My tears flowed, whilst I thanked God for sending me a deliverer. He climbed to the top of the tree, assisted me to get up to him, and prevailed upon me to place myself upon his shoulders. Although the load was heavy, he descended with much dexterity and good fortune; but as he was reaching the ground, his foot slipped, and we all fell into the hedge. My fear for my child was extreme; but I was soon comforted, for this poor little girl, who suffered no injury from the fall, began to laugh at it. This laughter, so astonishing in our circum-

stances, this sound so strange to my ear, at once caused me surprise, joy, and the most tender emotion. The soldier conducted us to his father's house hard by. This good old man and his family received us with an affecting cordiality. They lighted a large fire, which produced such an effect upon me, that, having warmed myself for a moment, I fainted. These good people, in their terror, thought at first I was dead. My poor child uttered piercing cries. At length, by their kind attentions, I recovered my senses. They put me with my little girl to bed, and although we had only a bad mattress I found it delightful. The possibility of stretching myself caused me the most agreeable sensation: I never passed a better night. Our sleep was long and peaceful, and the next morning we were really convalescent. But the terrifying news of the approach of the blues forced us, the following night, to hide ourselves with the soldier in a large stack of hay: I again slept very well, and only awoke in broad daylight, but with a violent head-ache. However, the soldier, who feared for himself as well as for us, told me that the direction which the blues had taken made it necessary for us to go to la Hardouillière. I consented; because I was certain to receive protection from the family of the peasant, who had provided me with food in my tree. We set off, under the guidance of the soldier, who told us to follow him at a distance, a precaution which he thought necessary for his own safety. I was, however, in want of his arm; for although the air had relieved my head-ache, I had such a weakness in my limbs that I could scarcely walk. But there is nothing that necessity will not render possible; and I performed this journey without accident, though slowly. The good people at la Hardouillière received me with the more joy, as they had been very uneasy on my account, not having found me in my tree."

These deplorable distresses are finally consummated by a capture, thus simply but touchingly related:

"I promised to return to the cottage in the evening; but I afterwards changed my design, and abandoned



myself entirely to Providence. I wandered alone in the fields; I passed the night in a ditch; the voice of some republican troops who passed by awoke me. Although I was dressed as a peasant, and pretended to be an inhabitant of the country, they arrested me. The name I had assumed was immediately known to be false by the people who guided them. They however did not know my real name, and the description they had received of my features, being drawn out before I had the small-pox, could not betray me. This description was that of a young person very blooming and active, and I was now bent down and lame; my face was yet covered with the red spots of the small-pox; my features had become large, and I had the air of at least forty years of age.

"My arrest did not very much affect me: I had dreaded to be murdered by the soldiers, in the tumult of a furious search. --- In a word, I was so broken down, so wretched, that a prison was in my eyes an asylum."

She is condemned to death by the sanguinary Judges at Nantes, but, as we have anticipated, is saved by the honourable invention of some of the 5000 persons rescued from death by her dying husband. With this event a curious anecdote is connected. Her pardon not being forwarded to her, she was advised to send her child to the Tribunal for it,—and she says,

"We tutored my daughter, who was rather afraid of *the tribunal*, tho' she did not well understand what it was; but she did not hesitate to take upon herself the message. I made her repeat a dozen times the phrase she was to use; she left me plunged in a vague but overwhelming anxiety. She arrived at the tribunal, where she entered with much gravity, and approaching the judges, she said aloud, and very distinctly, 'Citizens,

I come to beg the letters of pardon for mamma.' After these words the servant-girl mentioned my name. The judges thought my daughter very pretty, and one of them, speaking to her, said he knew that she charmed all the prisoners by her voice, and that he would give her the letters of pardon on condition that she should sing her prettiest song. My child had a wish to please her judges, and she thought that on this occasion the least strain would be the best, and that the assembly would be ravished by the fine song that she had so often heard enthusiastically repeated by sixty thousand voices, bursting forth on every side. She sung with all her strength the following chorus:

'Vive, vive le roi,  
A bas la republique.'

"If she had been a few years older, we should have been the next day both led to the scaffold;—heroism would have irritated this sanguinary tribunal—ignorance and ingenuousness disarmed it. They smiled;—they made some *particular* reflections on the detestable education which the unhappy children of the *fanatical royalists* received, but they nevertheless granted the letters of pardon, which my little girl bore off in triumph."

Since the restoration, various tributes of justice and respect have been paid to the memory of the heroic De Bonchamps. His estates have been restored to his family; his funeral oration has been delivered (according to the custom of France) by the Viscount de Castelbajac; a street has been built, and his name given to it, at St. Florent, where he saved the lives of the prisoners; and a monument has been erected to him, with the sublime inscription—the exclamation of the Vendéans on hearing his dying commands—

"*Grace! Bonchamps l'ordonne.*"

#### SONNET

*On the beautiful Statue of Master Lambton, as an Infant Jove, by Mr. Behnes, lately exhibited in the Royal Academy.*

Yes! such was Infant Jove—no trivial grace  
Sheds a soft lustre on that lofty brow;  
No dimpling ecstasy in that young face  
Speaks of luxuriant love's enfeebling glow;  
But manly beauty, tranquil, firm, serene,  
Calmly majestic, with high feeling fraught,  
Such as might well become the thunderer's mien,

Blends with the tenderness of childhood's thought.  
Genius and nature this fair work have wrought,  
Combining classic Taste in Art's best time,  
With the pure loveliness a mother brought,  
To prove Simplicity itself sublime!  
Behnes, this Jove will place upon thy brow  
That immortality thou giv'st him now.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lit. Gaz.)

DIARY OF A TOUR THROUGH SOUTHERN INDIA, EGYPT, AND PALESTINE,  
In the Years 1821-1822.

BY A FIELD OFFICER OF CAVALRY.

**F**OR the serious, the moral, the religious, we hope it is not necessary for us to profess our respect. We trust it is, and felt to be, liberal enough to do justice to principle of every kind, and even to excuse conscientious error, honest prejudice, and unintentional mistake. Therefore that we do not captiously express our disapprobation of a volume in the style of this Diary will readily be acknowledged; and, on the contrary, that our censure is reluctant will be fully believed. We give the author credit for sincerity; but we really cannot reconcile our sense to the puritanical tone in which it has pleased him to write travels. It is out of place; and the familiar juxtaposition of prayers (making most free with the name of the Almighty and of the Saviour of the world) with odd incidents and descriptions has as bad an effect as vicious and ill-meant profanity. Who can read as they ought when God's holy name is invoked, in a sentence which tells in one member that the author lay "on a bed of fleas" at Tabaria, and in the next that he "thanks his God" for approaching the term of his journey. This is more like a Field Preacher than a field officer; and is as revolting to genuine piety as to good taste. To sustain this opinion we will make a few extracts from the latter part of the volume, where the author is relating his sensations in Palestine. At Ramah the account of sacred things is made quite ludicrous:

## A CONVERTED JEW.

"After a long privation of the blessings of real Christian communion and conversation, I have to thank my God for the valued privilege of meeting here a Christian friend, whose history and character demand a more than common interest. Born a Jew, and brought up in the religion of his fathers, it has pleased the Almighty to single him out as a monument of mercy from the thousands of his perishing nation. He has embraced from the heart the truths of Christianity, and is now a zealous Ambassador from Heaven to beseech mankind that they would be reconciled to their offended God. His name is the Rev. Joseph Wolf. He is going to

Jerusalem, and I am coming from it: he arrived by sea, and I by land; and we have met together, without any previous concert or knowledge of each other, on the same day, in the same city, and at the house of Simon the Tanner! And how truly precious a day I have passed in his society! We remained together during the whole of it, and slept in the same room at night.—I found him a child in the world, but a giant in the cause of his God. He is going as a sheep among wolves;" - - -

So much would be enough for this (Joseph) Wolf; but what follows absolutely shocks us, tho' we do think it is not intended profanely:

"There is something in his mere pronunciation of the name of his Saviour; something which bespeaks a mind more tenderly alive to the value of the sacrifice made for him; something which denotes a more peculiar personal appropriation of the Messiah to him as being a Jew, than ordinary Christians appear to feel. He never utters the name of *Jesus* without seeming to imply, in voice and manner, that his heart whispers at the same time, from its inmost core, '*Jesus is mine.*'"

The painful effect of such cant (for it is so when mixed up with ordinary concerns) may be farther felt in the two or three subjoined paragraphs taken almost at hazard:

"I hope, if it please God, to set out myself to-morrow on my painful journey across the Great Desert of Egypt. I shall be entirely alone with the wild Arabs, except one Greek servant, on whose courage and prudence I do not place much reliance: but what can I fear, while safe under the 'shadow of the wings of the Most High!' Signor Domiani, mine host, has undertaken to procure camels for me, as well as some other trifling necessities which the journey requires; and he has been all along attentive and civil. - - -

## EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

"From all I have seen of these countries, and from every observation I could make of the actual weakness of the Turkish character, I should be inclined to think, that if no European power intermeddled, ten thousand British troops would suffice to conquer Egypt; and four thousand more, with the *indubitable* assistance of the native inhabitants, would as easily take possession of all Syria, including Damascus and Aleppo. By what possible right we should attempt such a conquest, is a question not to be so readily answered, however desirable to the people



themselves its probable consequences may appear. And perhaps our God may hereafter see fit to point out some other way, more apparently and openly illustrative of His Almighty Power, for the extension of the Gospel throughout these once favoured regions. All things are alike easy to Him. As one, however, brought up from his youth to the profession of arms, it will not be unbecoming in me to point out, in a loose sketch, such a general plan of operations for the conquest of Egypt and Syria. - - -

#### THE PYRAMIDS.

"I mounted with no small labour to the summit of the highest of them called Cheops; and, with the genuine pride of an amateur, carved my humble name on one of its rude and massy stones; but I fear it cannot be said of me, as Horace ventured to say of himself, *'exegi monumentum ære perennius.'* This is of little consequence; all my wish, all my hope is, that my name may remain, when not only this pyramid, but the whole world itself, shall melt 'with fervent heat;' that it may be written in the book of life, with a pen dipped in the precious blood of my Redeemer."

We will not insist on the ridiculous point of view in which such writing places what is holy; but content ourselves with repeating, that in our minds it produces sensations which we can designate only by the epithet shocking. But having frankly expressed this sentiment, we shall endeavour to make such use of the volume as may convey to our readers a knowledge of its general character and most interesting intelligence.

#### HINDU THIEVES.

Of Tanjore the following is told:

"The whole country, from the gates of the capital to within a few miles of Trichinopoly, is an almost uninterrupted desert waste, with only one village during this great extent of road—that of Seringapettah, celebrated for the dexterity of its thieves. Col. Blackburne related to me an amusing anecdote of their prowess. Some years ago, a detachment of the King's artillery, intending to halt there for the night, was advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches (such they seemed to be) being able to rob the King's artillery, but took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter guard, with orders, rendered unnecessary by the awakened pride of the sentries, to be more than usually watchful. The inhabitants, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving

was set at nought, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning, the officers rising early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the serjeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them that the whole of the arms belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march away unarmed, and fully aware of the reception they would be likely to meet with from their corps when their disaster became known. The manner in which this dexterous theft was achieved, long remained unknown; but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them merely because their skill in thieving had been called in question; and observed in confirmation of this, that they had not taken a single article, with the exception of the arms, which they now restored. Being asked how they contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentinels outside, they gave the following account: Several of them stripped themselves naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not be easily held; they then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about 20 paces backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the most bold and dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was pacing towards him, and only moving on, slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the dark, invisible to the sentry. He now, with the utmost adroitness, lifted up a part of the side of the tent, having carefully removed one peg, and soon found that all the guard was asleep, relying on their double sentries. By this time the other villagers had followed their leader, and were lying in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one who had preceded him. In this way, the arms being slowly removed, without the slightest noise, by the most advanced thief, were, with equal caution, passed along from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came, unseen and unsuspected."

#### MARRIAGES.

Of the sect of Syrian Christians, living at no distant bounds from these dexterous Mahometan or Hindu thieves, there are some curious particulars:

"We remained here to-day, in order to keep the Sabbath, and do not intend setting out till after dark. - - In the afternoon three

Syrian couple were married, and we attended the ceremony. There was a good deal of mummery. Each of the parties placed a ring and a crucifix on the table, which having been consecrated, the principal Catanar proceeded to place the right hands of the young brides in the right hands of the bridegrooms, and also put a ring on the finger of each. After a short prayer, he threw a gold necklace, with a large gold crucifix, over the bridegroom's neck, and taking the bride's ring, he fastened it to a small gold chain, put it round her neck, and gave the ends of the chain into the hands of the bridegroom: he then threw the marriage veil over her head; and, after a few short prayers, the brides and bridegrooms brought offerings of money, for the Church and the Priests, and so the ceremony concluded. I know not whether placing the chain round the neck of the bride, and the ends of it in the hands of the intended, is understood to have any significant allusion; but certainly the conduct of the parties after marriage, so unlike what is the case in England, would lead one to conclude it. Here the wife is, I fear, little better than a slave; in England, that is as it happens."—(We shall not attempt to explain this hit.)

#### ELEPHANT CARRIAGE.

At Mysoor the scene was changed, and our author rode in the Rajah's extraordinary coach—thus described:

"In the morning we took an airing in the Rajah's elephant carriage, which is by far the most magnificent conveyance I ever

saw; the Genius of Aladdin could scarcely have done more. Its interior is a double sofa for six persons, covered with dark green velvet and gold, surmounted by an awning of cloth of gold, in the shape of two small scalloped domes, meeting over the centre, and surrounded by a richly ornamented verandah, supported by light, elegant, fluted, gilt pillars; the whole is capable of containing *sixty* persons, and is about twenty-two feet in height. It moves on four wheels; the hinder ones eight feet in diameter, with a breadth of twelve feet between them. It is drawn by six immense elephants (with a driver on each.) harnessed to the carriage by traces, as in England, and their huge heads covered with a sort of cap, made of richly embroidered cloth. The pace at which they moved, was that of a slow trot, of about seven miles an hour: they were very steady, and the springs of the carriage particularly easy. As it is crane-necked, the elephants turned round with it on coming back with the greatest facility. The shape of the body is extremely elegant, resembling a flat scallop shell, and painted dark green and gold. The elephants are an exact match, but, as stated, of an enormous size. The whole was constructed by native workmen, assisted by one half-caste Frenchman, under the immediate directions of the Rajah."

Thus much for the present; the volume being, in spite of its *tone*, too fertile of amusement to enable us to acquit ourselves of its notice in one Number.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Lond. Mag.)

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES, BORN JAN. 7, 1796.

*Britannia! tear thy laurel leaf,  
Entwine it frae thy bonny brow;  
Filled is the measure o' thy grief,  
Nae splendour will become it now;  
Bind on thy temples wreaths o' rue,  
And mournful rest on Charlotte's tomb;  
And Windsor Palace wave with yew—  
And ceaseless wail her early doom.*

#### LINES

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE PRINCESS  
CHARLOTTE AT CLAREMONT.

Alas! how many storm-clouds hang  
O'er every sunny day below!  
How many flowers die as they bloom!  
How many more before they blow!  
But fall the blith, or lour the blast,  
O'er every other pleasure here,  
If they would leave untouched that one  
Of all earth's joys more pure and dear!

Young Love! how well thy smiles can cheer  
All other ills that wring the heart!  
All other sorrows may we bear,  
But those in which thyself hast part.

And is not this thy worst of griefs—  
Thine uttermost despair—to see  
The grave close over the fond heart  
Just wakened into life by thee?

To watch the blight steal o'er the rose,  
Yews spring where myrtles wont to be—  
And for the bridal-wreath to wear  
One gathered from the cypress-tree?

Look on yon grave, where a white fane  
Grows whiter as the moon-beams fall;  
There is a bust upon its shrine,  
Wearing a white rose coronal:

It is the monument where Hope  
And youthful Love sleep side by side,  
Raised by the mourner to the name  
Of her—his lost, but worshipp'd Bride.

L. E. L.



# **VARIETIES.**

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, LITERARY NEWS, INCIDENTS, &c.

## **PROFESSIONAL CALENDAR.**

Sir,—It has been said, that it is impossible for a person of any observation to be half an hour in a mixed company without being able to point out the profession of every man present. I have often felt the truth of this remark, and have sometimes been amused with noticing the influence that a professional life has upon the memory ; teaching every one to chronicle events by some circumstance connected with his or her own pursuits, and forming what might be called a “ Professional Calendar.” Example will perhaps best explain the sort of *natural artificial* memory I wish to describe :—

I found myself the other evening in the midst of a very large company, among whom I had very few acquaintances, and had therefore leisure to amuse myself in my favourite way : that is, by sitting in silent observation of the various characters around me. Among other subjects of conversation, an event in high life came upon the tapis, which, at the time it took place, had been discussed in all circles, fashionable, literary, and political—in short had been the reigning topic of the day. A gentleman, who appeared to have forgotten it, inquired at what period it had happened, when every one seemed ready to advance his own reason for the particular remembrance of the fact. The year was soon ascertained : A military man recollected that it was when he was quartered in Ireland ; a naval officer, that it was when he was stationed in the West-Indies ; the lawyer remembered that it was just when he was called to the bar ; the clergyman, that he was preparing to take orders ; and the city man, that it was in the year of his mayoralty. But some difficulties arose when the time was to be more particularly mentioned, and the month, in which this well-remembered event took place. Lady S. . . . . was pretty sure that it happened in the month of February, because she recollected having been kept a prisoner in the North of England when she would have given the

world to have been in town ; but the Dowager Lady S. was very ill ; Lord S. would insist upon her staying with his mother ; she thought she should have died of ennui. Luckily, Colonel B. . . . came down to that part of the world just when she was ready to hang herself,—he brought her the news—he told the story so well, she almost killed herself with laughing. Lord S. was quite angry to see her enjoy the fun so much, when his mother’s life was in such danger. But, Lord ! how could she help being amused ? A hypochondriac agreed with her ladyship as to the date she assigned ; he was confined to his room at the time, and he remembered how bitterly cold it was—he never thought he should live thro’ it. A physician fixed the period of its occurrence in March, because he recollected having been so teased with hearing the story over and over again from his patient : these was a sort of influenza going about at the time, and in the course of his practice he had constantly remarked that these illnesses were most common during the prevalence of the March winds. A New-market gentleman was positive that the news had first been given him on the race ground ; and a travelled fop affected to be totally ignorant of all the particulars—it happened when he was on the Continent. A mercantile man, with a deep sigh, said he had good reason to remember the day—it was the day on which a trading vessel from Liverpool was lost. A member of parliament, who had hitherto listened in silence, agreed with the last speaker, and settled the point, by assuring the company that it was the day on which his present Majesty assumed his full powers as Regent. But this *esprit du corps* is to be found in many situations at which I have not hinted :—thus the theatrical man registers events by the opening and closing of the theatres ; the collegian measures time by the terms and the vacations ; the judge by the assizes ; the sportsman by the grouse-shooting, the hunting season, &c. ; a young lady mentally refers

to the year in which she was introduced; the married lady has a domestic calendar—remembers one event because it occurred just at the time her youngest boy was christened, another because it was the day on which her eldest son was sent to Eton, and a third because her child had the scarlet fever at the time. The dramatic author will tell you such a thing happened just when S...’s tragedy was rehearsed; the political writer that it was when Canning’s speech made such a noise in the world; and the literary man adds, that the first novel of the Great Unknown had just made its appearance; the monied man never forgets the era of an event that happened when stocks were uncommonly low; and the nervous lady reminds you that it was the day of the terrible gale of wind when a stack of chimneys were blown down in the next street, or the year in which there were so many dreadful murders committed that she really could not sleep in peace.—*Lit. Gaz. Nov.*

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“FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS.”

This vulgar proverb has perhaps a more curious meaning than the generality of readers might suppose.

Forks for the table have not been invented much more than 200 years. In early times they were not known even at the entertainments of a sovereign; but the guest who sat nearest to a joint held one part with his fingers while he carved the other with his knife.

They appear to have had their origin in Italy; and to have been introduced into this country about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth’s reign; but were not very common till after the restoration.

—  
ARTIFICIAL HALOES.

The following experiment, described by Dr. Brewster, illustrates in a beautiful manner the actual formation of haloes. Put a few drops of saturated solution of alum on a plate of glass, and in a little time it will crystallise in minute octohedrons. When this is held between the observer and the sun, or a candle, with the eye close to the smooth side, three beautiful haloes are observed at different distances from the luminous body. The innermost, which is the

whitest, is produced by the images refracted by a pair of faces of the crystals, not much inclined to each other; the second, which is more coloured, with the blue rays outwards, is formed by a pair of faces more inclined; and the third, which is large, and highly coloured, by still more inclined faces. Each separate crystal forms three images of the luminous object, placed at points  $129^{\circ}$  distant from each other, in all the haloes; and as the faces are turned in every possible direction, the whole circumference is completely filled up. The same may be curiously varied by crystallising together salts of different colours.

—  
MARCHIONESS DE BRINVILLIER.

Mary Margaret d’Aubray, daughter of the Lieutenant Civil Dreux d’Aubray, was in the year 1651 married to the Marquis of Brinvillier, son of Gobelin, president of the Chamber of Accounts, who had a yearly income of 30,000 livres, and to whom she brought a portion of 200,000. He was Maitre de Campo of the regiment of Normandy, and during the course of his campaigns became acquainted with one Gedin de Sainte Croix, who served as a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Trassy. This young officer, who was then a needy adventurer, became a steady visitor of the Marquis, and in a short time paid his addresses to the Marchioness, who lost her husband, after he had helped to dissipate his large fortune; and was thus enabled to enjoy her amours with greater freedom. Her indecent conduct, however, gave so much uneasiness to her father, that he procured a letter de cachet, had St. Croix arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. Sainte Croix there became acquainted with an Italian, named Exili, who understood the art of preparing poison, and from whom he learned it. As they were both set at liberty after a year’s imprisonment, Sainte Croix kept Exili with him until he became perfectly master of the art, in which he afterwards instructed the Marchioness, in order that she might employ it in bettering the circumstances of both. When she had acquired the principles of the art, she assumed the appearance



of a nun, distributed food to the poor, nursed the sick in the Hotel Dieu, and gave them medicines, but only for the purpose of trying the strength of her poison, undetected, on these helpless wretches. It was said in Paris, by way of satire, that no young physician, in introducing himself to practice, had ever so speedily filled a church-yard as Brinvillier. By the force of money, she persuaded Sainte Croix's servant, called La Chaussée, to administer poison to her father, into whose service she got him introduced, and also to her brother, who was then a counsellor of the parliament, and resided at his father's house. To the former, the poison was given ten times before he died; the son died soon after: but the daughter, Mademoiselle d'Aubray, the Marchioness could not poison; because, perhaps, she was too much on her guard; for a suspicion soon arose that the father and son had been poisoned, and the bodies were opened. She would, however, have escaped, had not providence brought the villainy to light. Sainte Croix, when preparing poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this once dropped off by accident, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them to be made out. On searching them, there was found a small box, to which Sainte Croix had affixed a written request, that after his death it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or, in case she should not be living, that it might be burnt. Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels, on which their effects, proved by experiments made on animals, were marked. When the Marchioness heard of the death of her lover, she was very desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to get possession of it by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. La Chaussée however continued in Paris, laid claim to the property of Sainte Croix, was seized and imprisoned, and con-

fessed more acts of villainy than were suspected; and was in consequence broke alive on the wheel, in 1672. A very active officer of justice, named Desgrais, was despatched in search of the Marchioness Brinvillier, who was found in a convent at Liege, to which she had fled from England. To entice her from this privileged place, Desgrais assumed the dress of an abbé, found means to get acquainted with her, acted the part of a lover, and having engaged her to go out on an excursion of pleasure, arrested her. Among her effects at the convent, there was found a confession, written by her own hand, which contained a complete confession of her crimes. She there acknowledged that she had set fire to houses, and that she had occasioned the death of more persons than any one expected. Notwithstanding all the craft she employed to escape, she was conveyed to Paris, where she at first denied every thing; and, when in prison, she played piquet to pass away the time. She was, however, convicted, brought to a confession of her enormities, became a convert, as her confessor termed it, and went with much firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1676; where, when she beheld the multitude of the spectators, she exclaimed in a contemptuous manner, 'You have come to see a fine spectacle.' She was beheaded and afterwards burned. She might truly be called a monster in human shape.—*Rec.R.*

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FLORENCE.

Extract of a Letter dated August 15, 1623.

--- "I was continually at the ruins of St. Paul's without the walls at Rome after the fire. All those beautiful columns, the finest in Rome, are destroyed, except one, which does not appear to be injured. The great door at the west end was burnt, as well as the roof of the transept, both ways; but the Baldaquin and high altar have not suffered. The mosaics at the end of the nave are not injured, nor is the west façade at all hurt. Gonsalvi who was in the greatest distress about it, went down to see it every three or four hours and shed tears at each visit.

"They have lately discovered here a circular basso-relievo in a private house, covered with grease and dirt. It has been cleaned and carried to the Gallery, and I think bears strong, almost indisputable, marks of M. Angelo's vigorous fist. It is a companion, in size and execution, (for it is unfinished,) to the one Vicar had, and which Sir G. Beaumont bought in Rome. I don't know what to call it; but the group consists of a woman and two children, one of whom appears to be learning to read, and a very wry face the urchin is making." - - -

#### MISSION TO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, TO DISCOVER THE NIGER'S COURSE.

WE have the greatest satisfaction in announcing that our three enterprising countrymen, Dr. Oudenoy, Major Denham and Lieutenant Clapperton, who left London on the above interesting and hazardous expedition, under the authority of government, in 1821, arrived in Bornou in February last, and were exceedingly well received by the sultan of that kingdom. It may be recollected that the Doctor, an eminent professor from one of the Scotch universities, was to remain at Bornou as British vice-consul, and that the others would thence pursue their inquiries as to the *course* of this long-sought river; but it is obvious that the plans and instructions laid down at home for the prosecution of objects where our local knowledge is so extremely imperfect, must be liable to many alterations, and that much, very much, must be left to the discretion of the travellers themselves, and be governed by the circumstances in which they are placed.

These gentlemen have, however, given the most convincing proofs of their undiminished ardour in the service, as well as their fitness for the undertaking, in their having performed their journey over deserts fifteen or sixteen days in length, into the very centre of the continent of Africa, almost without complaining of a single hardship, though they have all at different times suffered severely from the rigours of the climate.

We think, therefore, the most sanguine expectations may be formed of

their complete success; and may we not hope that two of our greatest geographical desiderata in the northern and southern hemispheres will ere long, be supplied by means of the intelligence and enterprise of Englishmen.

#### ACTION OF FLOWERS ON AIR.

Some interesting experiments have been lately performed on this subject by Saussure. The flowers even of aquatic vegetables do not develop themselves in media deprived of oxygen gas; they require for their support a greater proportion of this than the other parts of the plant. Some flowers, as roses, preserve their corolla for a shorter time in air than in vacuo, or in azote; but when removed, their petals exhale an offensive odour, so that though apparently in full vigour, they have actually undergone decay. When a flower is placed under a receiver full of air confined by mercury, the volume of air is very little if at all altered. Oxygen is however absorbed, which is replaced by its own volume of carbonic acid. Saussure has not been able to detect any hydrogen in the air in which the plants were confined, nor does there seem to be any alteration in the volume of nitrogen. The following are a few of the results of his experiments with respect to the difference in the quantity of oxygen consumed by the flowers and by the leaves. The experiments were performed in summer and in the shade, and only when the flowers were fully developed.

Flowers.	Oxygen consumed by flowers.	Oxygen consumed by leaves.
Single gilliflower . . . . .	11	4
Passiflora serratifolia . . . . .	18-5	8-5
White lily . . . . .	5	2-5
Carrot (umbels of) . . . . .	8-3	7-5
Single tuberose . . . . .	9	3

#### GIBSON, THE SCULPTOR.

OUR countryman, Mr. John Gibson, who now ranks among the distinguished sculptors at Rome, is sought after by the great patrons of Art, both English and foreign, and has full employment for his admirable talent. This young man, who is recommended no less by his modest and unassuming manners than by his genius and enthusiasm for his Art, was originally



enabled to study in Italy by the friendship of Mr. Roscoe and some gentlemen of taste at Liverpool, and of Mr. Watson Taylor—to them he owed his introduction to Canova, and he perfected his style under the eye of that great master.

Mr. Gibson thus expresses himself in a recent letter to a friend in London:—

“I continue to feel delighted in Rome, more so than I can express by words, and am on the best terms of friendship with sculptors from all parts of Europe, who are here, all contending for glory. What an advantage!—to see the productions of so many men of genius, and to have their remarks upon what I do myself!—for I always solicit their advice. Only poetical subjects are admired in Rome, and it is the fashion to purchase such. It is a taste for these that has raised the Art to its present high pitch at Rome, and to this may be attributed the dignity and beauty of Canova and Thorwalsen. I thank God for every morning that opens my eyes in Rome.

“I am giving the last finish to the group of Mars and Cupid, for the Duke of Devonshire. My group of Psyche carried off by Zephyrs, for Sir Geo. Beaumont, is in a forward state. I am making a statue of Cupid in marble for Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and a sleeping Shepherd for Lord George Cavendish. Lately I received an order from a German Nobleman, Count Schönbrunn, to execute a Nymph for him, in marble.

“I consider myself particularly fortunate in having this opportunity to execute Poetical subjects in marble—they are what I delight and glory in. I would much rather leave behind me a few fine works than a splendid fortune.”

#### THE GREEK CAUSE.

The Greek Committee in London having sent Mr. Blaquiere to examine and report on the state of that country, he lately returned, and a report has been published which does honour to his head, his heart, and his principles. The modern Greeks appear to be worthy of their renowned ancestors, and, although maintaining an unequal contest, have nearly, if not entirely, delivered their country. If the unprincipled Jews of London should not negotiate a loan to the Porte, its resources in men and money seem exhausted; and, if Russia does not interfere, the firm establishment of a Greek Republic seems inevitable.

#### IMPROVED DIVING-BELL.

A new diving-bell, or improved instrument, is now in use in making a new pier at Port Patrick. It is a square cast metal frame, about eight feet high, twenty-two feet in circumference, and weighing up-

wards of four tons. This frame is open below, and at the top are twelve small circular windows made of very thick glass, such as is sometimes seen used on-board of ships. These windows are so cemented or puttied in, that not a bubble of water can penetrate; and when the sea is clear, and particularly when the sun is shining, the workmen are enabled to carry on their operations without the aid of candles. In the inside of the bell are seats for the workmen with pegs to hang their tools on, and attached to it is a strong double air-pump, which is a great improvement on the old-fashioned plan of sinking barrels filled with air. From this pump issues a thick leathern tube, which is closely fitted into the bell, and the length of which can easily be proportioned to the depth of water. The bell is suspended from a very long crane, the shaft of which is sunk to the very keel of a vessel fitted up for the purpose, and which is, in fact, a necessary part of the diving apparatus. On the deck of this vessel is placed an air-pump, worked by four men, with an additional hand to watch the signals. When about to commence operations, the sloop is moved to the outside of the breakwater, the air-pump put in motion, and the crane worked. From its weight and shape, the machine must dip perpendicularly; while the volume of air within enables the workmen to breathe, and keeps out the water. Two or three men work with perfect ease and safety 20, 25, and sometimes 30, feet below water. With picks, hammers, jumpers, gunpowder, the most rugged surface is made even; and not only a bed prepared for the huge masses of stone which are afterwards let down, but the blocks themselves strongly bound together with iron and cement.

#### SAVAGE MANNERS.

The following pathetic instance of female devotion to a beloved object is found in the just-published *Voyage to New Zealand*, by Capt. CRUISE:—A soldier, in a drunken quarrel, mortally wounded a seaman named Aldridge. A native girl, the daughter of a chief, had lived for some months with the former, and it appearing prudent to remove her from the ship, she complied with the order with much reluctance. From the time the unfortunate man had been put in confinement till the present moment, she had scarcely left his side, or ceased to weep; and having been told that he must inevitably be hanged, she purchased some flax from the natives alongside, and, making a rope of it, declared that if such should be his fate, she would put a similar termination to her existence. Though turned away from the ship, she remained alongside in a canoe from sunrise to sunset, and no remonstrances or presents could induce her to go away. When the vessel went to the Bay of Islands, she followed overland, and again took up her station near that part of the vessel where her protector was imprisoned, and

remained there during the most desperate weather, resuming her daily lamentation for his anticipated fate until we finally sailed.

#### CASE OF INSANITY OCCASIONED BY INTEMPERANCE.

The circumstance of life presents nothing more miserable in prospect or painful in reality, than the surviving of the body after the departure of the intellect.

In this particular it is especially providential that blindness to the future is given to man; for how could an individual live and enjoy life under the dreadful anticipation that he should ere long crawl upon the surface of the earth—the semblance rather than the substance of a living being,—a burthen, if not to himself, at least to those near to and about him.

Some degree of apprehension in reference to this result may, however, occasionally prove salutary in causing us to shun those courses which naturally, if not necessarily, lead to it.

A scene has but a few hours since passed before the observation of the present writer calculated to give thought to the thoughtless, and to prove of more preventive efficacy than precept upon precept from the moralist, or denunciation after denunciation from the preacher—a scene to do justice to which would defy the picturesque force of even Irving's phraseology and manner—a scene which it were desirable should be witnessed by all the disciples of that delusive creed, "a short life and a merry one," for those suicidal attempts at abridging existence which the sensualist avowedly makes often fail of their full effect, and instead of conducting their victim at once to the silence and repose of the grave, either open upon him a sad and fearless purgatory of powerless regret, or entomb his soul in the dust of his body a long, long time before the latter goes to its native dust of the earth. Oh! if any thing could stay the hand of mad intemperance, it would be the passing of hours or days with the semi-vital half-conscious thing which intemperance has made.

#### BOOK-BINDING MACHINE.

A Mr. Backhouse, of Wells, has lately invented a machine for beating books, by which as many may be beaten in one day as would take two men a week in the ordinary way. This method is performed with the greatest ease.

#### DAVID RICARDO, THE JEW.

Died, at Gatcombe Park, Gloucestershire, David Ricardo, esq. M.P. for Portarlington, a gentleman who, at the Stock Exchange, in the House of Commons, and as a public writer on political economy, had acquired considerable celebrity and influence. He was born of Jewish parents, but had become a proselyte to the Christian religion. His accumulation of wealth and his distinction in life, arose from his connection with the loans of the late wars against France, of

which his acute and calculating mind enabled him to take the best advantage. His success and his knowledge of the funding system gave currency to his first publications, and when he subsequently entered the legislature, his opinions on these subjects were listened to by all parties, and particularly by those whose thinking powers lead them to attach great mystery to questions of political economy. Mr. Ricardo was, doubtless, a sensible, plausible, honest, and experienced man; but unfortunately he was a mere calculator, and one of those economists whose reasonings would be admirable if applied to timber and stones, but which are mischievous when applied to sensitive beings, and to a state of society altogether artificial. His favourite maxim was to suffer every thing to find its own level, in a country where monopoly of every kind are upheld by law, and where he himself was protected in the enjoyment of a million sterling, while hundreds of industrious men were destitute of a week's capital, within a mile of his palace. Such being his primary axiom, and such his narrow application of it, his theories were mischievous; yet, as they tended to support the strong against the weak, they were highly popular among the aristocracy of both Houses. He was in consequence listened to with attention, and his voice and manner being inobtrusive, while he treated of abstractions beyond the comprehension of the bulk of his auditory, so his conclusions often had more weight than they deserved. Nevertheless, he was a man of liberal principles, and generally voted on the side of liberty and reform; zealously aided Mr. Hume in regard to many of those economical questions which that gentleman has agitated. In a word, he was a patriotic and useful man, without being a philanthropist; and we confess, that we regard benevolence in a statesman to be as cardinal a virtue, as charity in a Christian; insomuch that, without a predominance of this quality, all others are equivocal and dangerous. He has left a large family, and some of his brothers enjoy much credit in the money-market.—*Mon. Mag. Oct.*

#### BIRTHS.

At Ball Green, Halifax, the wife of W. Whitbread, of twins, for the 3d time: she has also had a triple birth, making at four births, *nine* children.

Near Chippenham, the lady of W. Awdry, esq., of two fine boys; the 4th birth of twins in that small parish within 3 months.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

The *Foresters*, by the author of *Lights and Shadows*, and of *Margaret Lindsay*, is among the announcements of forthcomings.

The author of the "*Peerage and Baronetage Charts*," "the Secretary's Assistant," &c. is preparing a *Dictionary of English Quotations*, in three parts. Part the First, containing Quotations from *Shakspeare*, will appear in a few days.